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No. 260.—Vol. XX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 25, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

A DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT: MISS MONA HARRISON IN "IN AN ARAB GARDEN," THE NEW VAUDEVILLE CURTAIN-RAISER

The 300th performance of "Jack Straw" was celebrated by the production of an artistic Eastern play, "In an Arab Garden," adapted from the French by Miss Gladys Ungar, in which the part of Messaouda, whom the rich but elderly Ramdan Ben Ramdan wishes to marry, is sympathetically and charmingly played by Miss Mona Harrison

No. 260—Vol. XX. Wednesday, November 25, 1908

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EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records.
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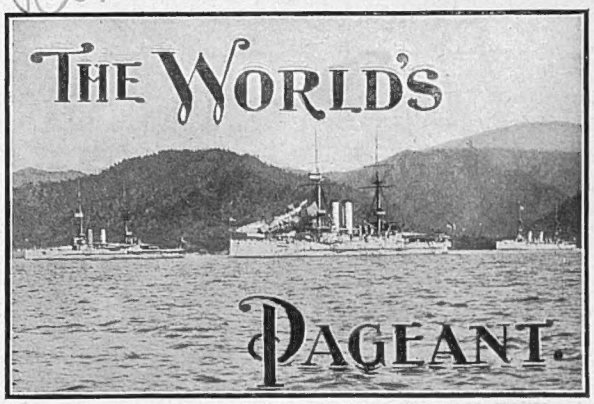


The Mysterious Location of a British Fleet

Vice-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg's Squadron waiting events off the coast of Turkey—whereabouts unknown. Some people would be a little better pleased if the ships were "waiting events" a little nearer home

KINGS! KINGS! KINGS!

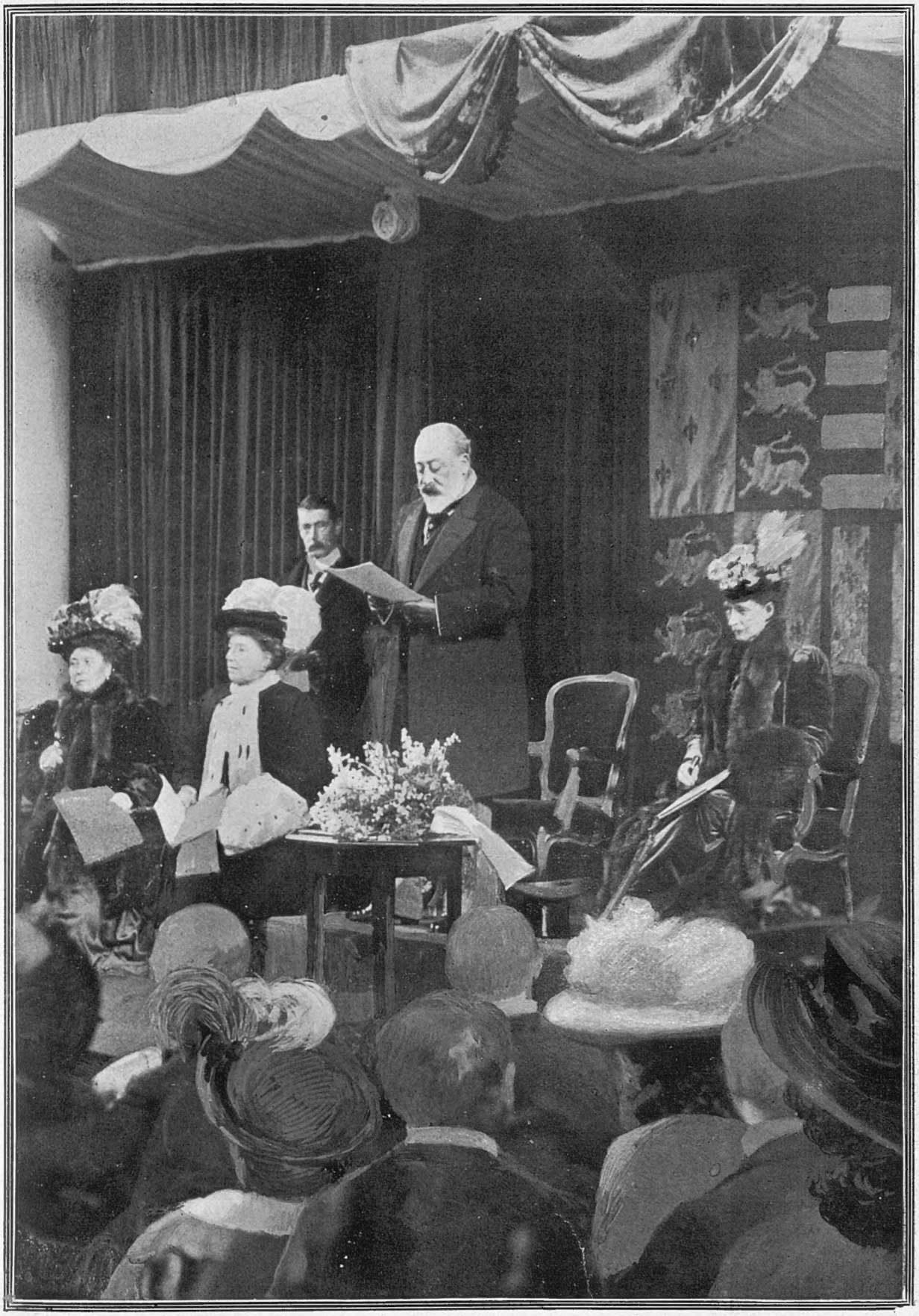
The last week has found us agape at the contemplation of Kings. At home, the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden has absorbed nine-tenths of the national attention. Columns and columns of descriptions of processions in streets and menus of meals in palaces, toasts, theatricals, shooting-parties, etc., have pushed into remote back pages what one would suppose to be the important events of the universe.

Even the record of such events is largely one of the movements of this or that monarch. The course of a Constitutional crisis in the German Empire is practically that of the walks and talks of the individual who happens to be Kaiser. The issues of peace and war alike in the Near and the Far East hang upon the movements of this or that Sovereign. The placing of a crown on the head of one Ferdinand Coburg nearly led to one war; the issue of a proclamation by one Francis Joseph of Hapsburg to another; and upon the good or bad temper, respectively, of Messrs. Nicholas Romanoff, Peter Karageorgevitch, and Abdul Hamid depends whether there shall be other wars involving the lives and prosperity of millions of people. The death of a youth named Kwang-Su caused the world to contemplate, if only for a moment, the possibility of sanguinary strife involving about one-fifth of the population of this planet! At this very moment, the tongues of the world are again wagging over yet another Imperial indiscretion. Whether the latest published utterances of the German Emperor are accurately recorded is not quite clear. But general opinion seems to accept them.

One is bound to be a little staggered when one realises the extent to which, in these so-called democratic years, the peace and prosperity of mankind is dependent on the individual unit. Whether we like it or not, we must fix our attention on the Royal personages of our time; we are *bound*, to that extent, to be snobs. Protest as we may, the visit of the King of Sweden last week, theoretically but a social episode, is practically of large significance. The word of the amiable gentleman who has just left us may, at some great and terrible moment, decide the course of a world-war, for Sweden commands the entry to and exit from the Baltic. Its monarch has, previously, been courted by both the Kaiser and the French President. The word whispered into his ear, while feasting, shooting, or play-seeing, by the monarch of our own isles may—who knows?—decide whether the gate be opened or closed for us or against us!

A King Whose Speeches Shatter No Nerves

KING EDWARD'S TACTFUL AND TIMELY ADDRESS TO ETONIANS



PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG PRINCESS CHRISTIAN THE KING THE QUEEN

"*The traditions which have made Eton renowned in history . . . are now in your keeping. Be worthy of them.*"—THE KING

Unlike a certain other monarch's, the speeches of King Edward—and he makes more than many politicians—are never ill-timed, never indiscreet, never unfortunate. But, that the Chancelleries do not tremble when he is announced to speak, or the nerves of Europe go to pieces when he does, by no means implies that his Majesty's remarks are merely platitudinous. On the contrary, they are invariably weighty and to the point. Nothing could have been better than his Majesty's speeches to the Eton boys last week. Without any of those flourishes which fall so easily from the lips of less artistic speakers—for in these matters his Majesty is a true artist—he created, for their example, a vision of the English gentleman

Photo] [*Graphic Photo Union*

Last Week's Royal Guests

THEIR SWEDISH MAJESTIES RECEIVE MAYORAL HOMAGE AT OXFORD CIRCUS

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

ON THE WAY TO GUILDHALL: THE KING PRESENTED WITH ADDRESSES FROM A MAYORAL TRIO

While en route to the Guildhall luncheon last Wednesday the King and Queen of Sweden stopped at Oxford Circus to receive the homage of three Mayors—those of Westminster, Holborn, and St. Marylebone—each of whom, with all the accompaniments of wig, gown, and mace, presented an address of welcome. At the Guildhall, later, the proceedings were traditional and picturesque. Next day there was more shooting and another State banquet at Windsor, and on Saturday their Majesties departed, not long however, to leave us without a kingly visitor, for on Monday his Majesty of Norway came to join Queen Maud

The Plain Truth About Prince Olav

"Floreat Etona"

The little ceremony of opening the buildings at Eton dedicated to the memory of those 129 brave men who fell during the South African War showed his Majesty in a very charming and paternal light. In reply to the address read by Mr. E. W. Matthews on behalf of the boys now at Eton, the King spoke with quiet and affectionate earnestness. "Whatever may be your subsequent careers," he said, "you all have the opportunity of leaving Eton trained in the knowledge and accomplishments of English gentlemen, and disciplined to the self-restraint, the consideration of others, the loyal acceptance of public and private duties which are the ideals of our race." With these wise and kindly words the present Eton "men" appeared thoroughly in sympathy, for they were punctuated with prolonged applause, which eventually subsided beneath the music of the Memorial March and the young and hopeful voices singing—

Fame, more fame, to Eton's name,
And life to the land that bore us.

* * *

The King and the Mummers

The King has shown all cordiality and kindness in his manner of receiving the many actors and actresses who have been to Sandringham and Windsor of late on command performances, and he singled out for special notice Miss Winifred Emery and congratulated her in the heartiest way on her return to health. The King has great admiration for the finished, yet spontaneous, art of Miss Emery. He likes, too, the light, pretty pieces in which she and her husband, Mr. Cyril Maude, are wont to appear. His Majesty is not especially devoted to Shakespeare, nor heavy pieces of any sort.

* * *

His Majesty's Love of Comedy

"I am too tired at the end of the day," he said recently to an eminent actor, "for a long and serious piece, however good it may be in its line, or however well acted. I stand in need of recreation after my work. Hence you see me visit those theatres where amusing comedies, or light musical pieces, are given." Of course, the actors and actresses love to go to Sandringham and Windsor, however great a tax upon their powers it may be to return home in the small hours of the morning after playing all the night.

* * *

Sir John Hare's Influenza

Last year Sir John Hare, commanded to appear at Sandringham, was seized with an attack of influenza. Feeling very unfit, he sent for his doctor. "I can pull you through," said the M.D., "but only *just!* You must do exactly as I tell you, and all will be well." So Sir John played his part with a high temperature, a cough, and a cracking head. As soon as ever the performance and his interview with the King were over he let himself be rolled into blankets and popped into a motor. Off from Sandringham his trusty driver took him, in the dead of night, straight to a nursing home at Norwich, where, after four or five days in bed, Sir John emerged fit and well.

* * *

Photo *Bolak*

Growing Up: The Latest Portrait of Prince Olav

Who is now an honoured guest in the Royal household, where he has been anxiously awaiting the arrival, on Monday, of his father, the King of Norway

Olav: The Facts

Prince Olav is, of course, very glad his father has now joined him here. As the Prince is the most Press-ridden child in Europe, perhaps a few facts about him may not be unwelcome. Let it be said, outright, therefore, that the other day, at Appleton House, while playing with his cousins of Wales, he deliberately pulled to pieces a magnificent electric railway which his grandfather, the King, had especially purchased for him as a birthday (his own, November 9) present. Olav, a fair and pretty boy, and in fact the only one of the Queen's descendants who really resembles her Majesty, is kissed by persons of the opposite sex with a frequency that bodes ill for his future. When he first went to Norway, ladies of all classes took the greatest liberties with him. When about one thousand of such embraces had been inflicted on him, his mother was compelled to withdraw him from publication, as it were, and confine him to the Palace gardens. Now, to be still further candid, Olav, though jolly, is *not* desperately intellectual. While he talks with a freedom that bewilders even his fond grandfather, the King, he says little that is quaint or original. That, however, *may* be an advantage, in view of the fact that he will one day sit upon a throne. There doesn't seem, somehow, the demand there used to be for monarchs who talk quaintly and originally.

* * *

Happy Events

Another happy event is expected in the household of the King and Queen of Spain early in 1909. The Queen of Holland, too, should all go well, has hopes of giving an heir to the throne of Holland in the month of April. The Crown Princess of Germany is another expectant mother. As there is, save Princess Louise Victoria of Germany, no Princess, but, *au contraire*, an endless number of Princes in the House of Hohenzollern, a little daughter is ardently desired for her by the Kaiser and Kaiserin.

In Familiar and Unfamiliar Rôles

Familiar: Mr. Leopold de Rothschild at a Meet of the Whaddon Chase Hounds

There is no more popular sportsman with the Whaddon Chase, which he only deserts to hunt his brother's staghounds at Tring

Our Photographs

The Jam of Nawanagar has been improving the occasion before wintering in India by entertaining a party of brother cricketers, including Dr. Grace and Lord Hawke, at Shillinglee, his Sussex seat. Shooting over the Jam's coverts has occupied the day, while tales of famous matches have whiled away the evening hours. The other photograph on this page shows one of the members of the famous banking family of Rothschild in the sphere he finds most congenial, that of a sportsman. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is one of the most prominent members of the Whaddon Chase, and he also frequently hunts his brother's (Lord Rothschild's) staghounds from Tring. All will remember the enthusiasm which greeted his Derby victory with St. Amant, and many were his sympathisers when St. Frusquin was beaten by Persimmon in 1896. During this year the best horse which has carried his colours has been Radium, which has, however, now been sent to the stud.

* * *

What Will the Lords Do?

Everybody is wondering, as I write these lines, whether the Lords will take the decision to strike the Licensing Bill dead at its second reading, or merely to wound it in Committee. It does not seem to me greatly to matter which method they adopt to place it *hors de combat*, provided they do it somehow. So far as compensation and the time-limit are concerned, that is an actuarial question which is best left to those interested to settle among themselves. The objection of the average man is to the twopenny-halfpenny clauses of the Bill, the London Sunday Closing imbecility, the closing on polling days, and the petty oppression of the traveller's six-mile limit. These proposals irritate the people—and let the Government beware of irritation. It will cost them the loss of more seats than ever were lost by the most revolutionary measures. I happened to be talking lately to a prominent German statesman, and asked him whether he thought a revolution possible in his country. "The only thing which would cause a revolution in Germany," he remarked, weightily, "would be the closing of our beer-houses!" His countrymen would tolerate everything but interference with their freedom to consume the national beverage when, where, and in what quantities they choose. We talk a great deal in these days of the "autocratic" rule of the Kaiser. But Germany has reason to thank heaven, every day of her life, that she is not governed by the tyrannical triumvirate of the Quack, the Crank, and the Prude.

* * *

The Indian Crisis

The situation in India assumed, last week, so serious an aspect that Lord Minto, after due deliberation, wisely decided to interrupt a shooting holiday in Bikaneer and return to Calcutta. Of course, nobody begrudges a Viceroy his holiday, but it does somehow seem rather frequently to be the case that, at moments of grave political crisis, our statesmen are as many miles away from the scene of action as the railway is able carry them. Germany recently became involved in the gravest complications through the protraction of the Foreign Office holiday vacation. One day's absence too long on the part of a Governor of India might, unless we enjoy providential good luck, be written in history as the cause of the loss of our Eastern Empire.

DR. GRACE "RANJI" LORD HAWKE

Photos Illustrations Bureau

Unfamiliar: The Jam of Nawanagar Entertains a Cricketers' Shooting-Party

Before returning to India, Ranji has been entertaining cricketing friends, including Dr. Grace and Lord Hawke, to a shooting-party at his place at Shillinglee Park, Sussex

Postponed Pleasure

THE INDIAN VICEROY CEASES ONE KIND OF SHOOTING TO PREVENT ANOTHER

Photo *Bourne and Sheppard*

LORD MINTO PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER A RECENT BIG-GAME SHOOT

Lord Minto has decided to interrupt his tour on account of the serious crisis in Indian affairs brought about by the alarming spread of anarchy. The Viceroy is to return to Calcutta, there to "forge the special weapon" of which he spoke to the Talukdars of Oudh and has, therefore, had to forego the delights of further big-game shooting in Bikaneer

Philanthropically "at Home"

Royalty Once Again at West Dean

The Prince and Princess of Wales are at West Dean Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. The set invited to meet them differs somewhat from that which met the King and Queen. The conviviality, however, is the same, as both the Prince and Princess are most affable. The Princess is, of course, very decided on matters of dress, and the selection of a gown unsuited to the occasion is followed by a very polite intimation to do better next time.

* * *

Sunderland House

One of the most valuable and interesting of the many philanthropic undertakings of last week was that in which the ladies shown in our photograph took such useful and energetic parts. The profits of the "At Home" were dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough's Homes. On this platform of good works were such interesting and diverse types of modern aristocracy as Lady Dorothy Nevill—whose delightful reminiscences (she once called the dull ones of other people "reminuisances") reach back to the early Victorian period, and are being added to to-day—and the American Duchess of Marlborough; Lady Blandford, who happened to miss that title, and Lady Dickson-Poynder are also of the group.

* * *

"To Meet 2,000 Dolls"

Lady Wernher, in her pretty Polish-cum-German-cum-English way, received a crowd of people last week who were only too pleased to accept her invitation to meet some 2,000 dolls in the drawing-rooms of Bath House, seeing that the children of the Happy Evenings' Association would benefit. The Princess of Wales and her ladies had dressed quite a big family of dolls for the show, and their clothes wore a touchingly Early Victorian air, I thought, and were obviously for use as well as ornament, unlike such grandiose persons as those who figured in a "garden party" and "at Court."

* * *

Many Marriages

Have happened during the last week, not the least interesting being that of Mr. Felix Cassel to the pretty and graceful Lady Helen Grimston, whose father, Lord Verulam, was extremely busy entertaining a vast party of friends, representing about half the Peerage. Mrs. Godfrey Baring lent her house in Queen's Gate for the reception, which proved to be particularly brilliant. Lady Dorothy Osborne and Lady Edith Campbell were two other brides. The first is now Lady Glamis, the wife of the heir of Lord Strathmore, and Lady Edith Campbell has become Lady Edith Ferguson, of Pitfour. The marriage of Lady Edith Foljambe to Major d'Arcy Legard brought together a number of charming women and brave men. Among the seven bridesmaids were the three sisters of the now Lady Edith Legard, Miss Mary Ponsonby, Miss Evelyn Egerton, Miss Vernon Harcourt, and Miss Dorothy Blunt, all cousins of the bride or bridegroom.

Lady Dickson-Poynder Lady Blandford Lady Dorothy Nevill Duchess of Marlborough Miss Ada Hamilton

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Sunderland House Philanthropy: Some Notable Women at the Duchess of Marlborough's "At Home" Last Week

The Duchess of Marlborough had a notable party of ladies at Sunderland House last week to help her sell things made by the wives of prisoners, in aid of her Grace's homes for the latter and their children. On Thursday the Duchess was helping Dr. Barnardo's Homes down at Tunbridge Wells

Three Brides of the Week

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Glamis

Née Lady Dorothy Osborne, daughter of the Duke of Leeds, who has married the son and heir of Lord Strathmore

party that the Kaiser discussed his interview freely, and wondered why so much fuss had been made when his action was so well meant.

* * *

The Twelfth Lord Fairfax

It is very pleasant to find that one good American has returned to our poor old nationality. Lord Fairfax of Cameron, whose claim to a Scottish peerage has just been determined in his favour, comes of a race which, for some generations, has preferred to be American. But during the season of the Coronation Mr. Arthur Kirby Fairfax, as he was then called, visited England and fell beneath the spell of the father-

Photo *Kate Pragnell*

Lady Edith Ferguson

Née Lady Edith Campbell, daughter of Lord Cawdor, whose wedding with Mr. Charles Ferguson, of Pitfour, took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton

MARRIED LAST SATURDAY

land, and announced his intention of claiming the ancient Scottish barony of which he was heir. No doubt had been cast on the claimant's right to the title, but those "papers," which are so important in stage plays and real life, were missing. The destruction of records in the American Civil War was partly to blame for this matter, and there were other difficulties which had to be smoothed away. The present Lord Fairfax was born in 1870, he is unmarried, and is a member of a firm of City merchants. He had some early experiences of business in Wall Street, and, therefore, in an age in which commercialism is cultivated by the peerage, he should be doubly able to sustain his antique title.

* * *

Interviewed Again!

The Kaiser's quaint habits are, of course, now being much discussed in Berlin. His Majesty passes a couple of hours a day, at least, in writing exhaustive marginal comments upon every document which comes in and goes out of the Foreign Office, and is in the habit of sending for the subordinate gentlemen in charge to get personal explanations, as the fancy takes him. This latter habit has been the bugbear of the Chancellor's life. Subordinates' heads become swelled by the Emperor's jovial submission to them. They fancy themselves candidates for the succession of their superiors, with the result that general insubordination has come to prevail in the department where the Chancellor and Foreign Minister alone are supposed to dictate the Foreign Office's action even in its details. Prince Buelow's recent speech was, of course, a hit at this unhappy habit of the Emperor's of communicating with his subordinates. His Majesty cannot long keep on the right side of discretion. While staying with the Archduke Francis Ferdinand he was interviewed again! I am told by a member of the shooting-

Photo] **Lady Edith Legard** [*Lafayette*

Née Lady Edith Foljambe, who was married on Thursday last to Major D'Arcy Legard, of the 17th Lancers. She is a daughter of the late Lord Liverpool, and a half-sister of the present peer

Charity "In Excelsis"

An enormous number of charitable undertakings will be arranged during the following two weeks, and everybody in Society is busy preparing to give or sell something which they do not greatly need to those who have no desire for it. After all, liberality does not consist, as many suppose, in wanting to give, but in giving what you want. The old bazaar, which proved the terror of involuntary subscribers for so many years, has given way before the vastly more business-like "sales" which philanthropic and other good-natured ladies push with so much spirit just now. This week, at Hyde Park Hotel, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Beauchamp, and a dozen other well-known Society people are selling for the benefit of the "Friendless Girls." At Kent House, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has opened an exhibition of home arts and art

Preferment: Spiritual and Temporal

needlework; people have been busy at Exhibition Road, and at the New Gallery. Lady Edmund Talbot has had a sale at Buckingham Palace Gardens, and Lady Mary Howard, Lady MacDonnell, and the Baroness de Ledebar are interested in a sale held by the Franciscan Missionaries at Caxton Hall.

* * *

From Stepney to York

There has been a good deal of chat in the papers about "Mr. Asquith's choice" for the Archiepiscopal throne of York. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that his Majesty had a good deal to do with the selection of the Suffragan of Stepney for this dignity. It is known that the wishes of the late Queen carry no small weight in these ecclesiastical appointments, and her Majesty undoubtedly thought well of Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, and destined him for high preferment. But in any case the new Archbishop of York would have been a man greatly to the Prime Minister's taste, for he comes of the same energetic middle-class, and has had, in his particular profession, something of the same struggles and successes.

* * *

The Youngest in History

Both were, of course, Balliol men, Dr. Lang having won a scholarship at Glasgow, and become a favourite of Dr. Jowett's. He read for the Bar, but was not called. His first curacy was in Leeds, so he knows the Yorkshire people. He was afterwards Fellow and Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, and then Vicar of the University Church, St. Mary's. He was at Portsea 1896-1901, and went thence to Stepney, when Dr. Ingram was translated to the See of London. Like his Lordship of London, Dr. Lang is unmarried. The new Archbishop was born in 1864, and is said to be the youngest man who has received this honour in the history of the Church of England. He is young, but he is very clever, and canny, and candid, and should prove an able support to the power of clerisy, which has somewhat waned in our generation.

Photo *Russell*

The Right Rev. Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang

The new Archbishop of York in succession to Dr. Maclagan. He is the youngest Archbishop of York in history, and is a bachelor.

Photo *Dickinsons*

Lord Lovat: The King's New A.D.C.

The Balliol Mind

I do not remember any particularly stirring thing the new Archbishop has given utterance to during his brilliant career. Perhaps his great qualities are of the head rather than of the heart. A Balliol man, he has, perhaps, the defects of the Balliol man's qualities, which are somewhat lacking in what someone has called "glow." By the way, in a new book, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the editor of the *Daily News*, talks of living "Prophets, Priests, and Kings" (its title), and has a word on the Balliol man. He says:

> The Balliol mind distrusts "great thoughts" even if it thinks them. It believes they come from weak minds and soft hearts—from zealous persons with good emotions but defective intellects. Balliol, in fact, is really atrophy of the heart. It is exhaustion of the emotions. It has produced the finest mental machines of this generation, but they are sometimes cold and cheerless. They lack atmosphere and the humanities. They have none of our frailties. They are intellectual sublimities beneath whose huge legs we creep, "peeping about to find ourselves dishonourable graves." We admire them, we respect them: we do not love them, for we feel that they would be insulted by the offer of so irrational a thing as love.

* * *

A.D.C. to the King

Lord Lovat, his Majesty's new A.D.C., is one of the most popular bachelors alive, and has done a good deal, one way and another, especially for a young man, for he is only thirty-seven. He served during the South African War with Lovat's Horse, and was mentioned in despatches. He has the C.B., C.V.O., and D.S.O. As a sportsman he is little less than famous. A game-shot of the very first water, he is in nearly every great shoot that takes place. His Inverness-shire and Ross-shire estates are among the finest in Scotland, including, as they do, Beaufort Castle, close on 200,000 acres of land, and some of the best sport North of the Tweed. Recently he was shooting with the Prince of Wales among Lord Londonderry's house-party at Wynyard Park.

"A University should be a Petty Universe"

—*Lord Rosebery's Speech*

LORD ROSEBERY (ROBED) TELLS STUDENTS HOW HE THINKS THEY SHOULD BE EDUCATED

Students Bring the Famous Highlander of Tottenham Court Road to Greet their Chancellor

This figure is always prominent at public functions in which the students take part, and on this occasion he has been brought up to date by having a cigarette in his mouth

Photos] **Lord Rosebery at the Opening of the New University College Hall at Ealing Last Week** [*Graphic Photo Union*

At the opening of the new University College Hall at Ealing last week, a residence for thirty-five students, Lord Rosebery, as the Chancellor of London University, unburdened himself of his ideas on the subject of ideal education. He expressed his pleasure at the increase of the collegiate life in the university, and that it was no longer a purely examining body. A university, he said, should be a petty universe, it not being its function merely to pump knowledge in by teaching and extract it again by examination, but to produce living men and living citizens

A Scene of Gladness and a Scene of Sadness

SAILORS IN JOHANNESBURG : THE GERMAN MINE DISASTER

Photo] **Sir Percy Scott and his Men Receive a Warm Welcome in Johannesburg** [*T. Brittain*

During the visit of Sir Percy Scott's squadron to South Africa, the chief officers and four hundred men paid a visit to Johannesburg, where they were received with every sign of enthusiasm. The spectacular success of the procession was somewhat marred, as the crowd, in many places, mingled with the tars, and marched along arm in arm with them, cheering lustily

Photo] **The Funeral of the Victims of the Terrible German Mining Disaster at Hamm** [*Illustrations Bureau*

The Westphalian coal district of Germany has been the scene of one of the terrible disasters which, unhappily, too frequently mark the world's mining annals, by which 360 men lost their lives as the result of an explosion, despite gallant attempts at rescue. Angry and threatening demonstrations have taken place outside the offices of the colliery management, who are accused of negligence in taking proper precautions against accident

Random Jottings

The young men of Lindsell, Essex, cannot marry, as they have no houses to live in. We thought that this was the very reason why the modern young man did marry.

* * *

Mr. Wilbur Wright is shortly to visit England. The November fogs will be postponed until the actual date is known.

* * *

In a recent sermon the Rev. R. J. Campbell complained of "the ungodly cough," which appeared to afflict so many members of his congregation, and his words effected an immediate cure. He might now try his hand on the infernal colds which are so rife at the moment.

* * *

Mr. Campbell might have mentioned at the same time that there is more than one kind of sneeze, *e.g.*, the domestic snuffle, the second-speed hooter, the James Welch click, the orator's snap, the snuff-taker's whoop, the long-lost brother sniff, and the heroine's dab. There are others.

* * *

An address of welcome was presented to King Gustav by the Mayor of Windsor, praying that the bond of international friendship which had existed for so long a period between the two countries might be strengthened. The 2nd Life Guards promptly surrounded the Sovereign. Which was kind, but rather rude.

* * *

The dancing season is now in full swing, and the usual number of new methods of waltzing may be expected. At a recent ball we noticed such variations as the "Kilburn Crawl," the "Lingering Limpet," the "Bucket and Pump," the "Perambulator," the "Moth and Candle," and the ever-popular "Isosceles." The latter involves the conjunction of the heads of the partners, and the attitude of their bodies is suggestive of the two sides of an isosceles triangle struggling to get rid of the base.

* * *

Mr. A. B. Walkley reproaches Mr. Henry Arthur Jones for suggesting that the modern woman wears garters. This is probably the beginning of a new vein of dramatic criticism. We may shortly expect protests in the following styles:

"How Mr. Barrie, a particularly observant Scot, could so far forget himself as to allow the Duchess of Rodney Parade to wear fussy petticoats is beyond our comprehension. No woman in the movement wears anything."—*R.f.ree.*

"But why, oh why, my dear Mr. Pinero, does the Honourable Mrs. Wessex speak of the watercress as 'green-grub'? A dramatist of your standing should surely know that this edible vegetable is invariably referred to nowadays as 'rabbit-food.'"—*M.rn.ng P.st.*

"One hesitates lest one be accounted hyper-critical, but nice young girls, Mr. Shaw, do not read the 'Twopenny Blush.' We have a niece who reads the *Captain*, we have heard of an aunt who borrowed the *Sportsman* to see if her husband were really going to Bexhill with the Everton team, but your suggestion is little short of unprecedented."—*D..ly M..l.*

"We thought that everyone used a metal hot-water bottle nowadays. Mr. Maugham wishes us to believe that Jasper Obsoleet used a vessel made of rubber, which his wife spitefully spiked as she tucked him into bed. This is really a much too extravagant demand to make on our credulity."—*D..ly N.ws.*

MONSTERS ONE MEETS.

The Oughterbeshot

Life in the Limelight

NOTES FROM A MODERN BEAUTY'S DIARY

("*This is an age of publicity.*"—DAILY PAPER.)

9 A.M.—Rose after refreshing sleep in our Open-Air, Simple-Life Camp in St. James's Park. Drove to Serpentine and bathed in Salome costume; much interest among passers-by.

10 A.M.—Had my skeleton radiographed by fashion artist for an illustrated paper publishing a "Vertebræ of Society Leaders" series (known to the comic journals as a "spinal column"), showing the anatomical effect of the new hydraulic corset. On way home had a little golf in St. James's Park.

11 A.M.—Took out the airship for a spin, picking up Lord Frederick Aero and Captain Parachute on my way. Had my hair shampooed while up there to save time—splendid for drying the hair, but cold in *déshabillé*. Wondered how on earth (I mean how in the air) I am to get through the day's work. Dropped down at the Carlton, and dictated all my letters to my maid by the telautograph.

12 NOON.—Changed dress for lunch in first-class carriage on the Underground Railway to Kensington.

1 P.M.—Held up by traffic in Piccadilly, so had a bite of lunch in my motor, and while driving to Knightsbridge rehearsed my part in the duologue we are doing next week; much interest locally. Returned to Ritz Hotel, and was operated on in the lounge for mole on my shoulder; getting through the day's duties splendidly.

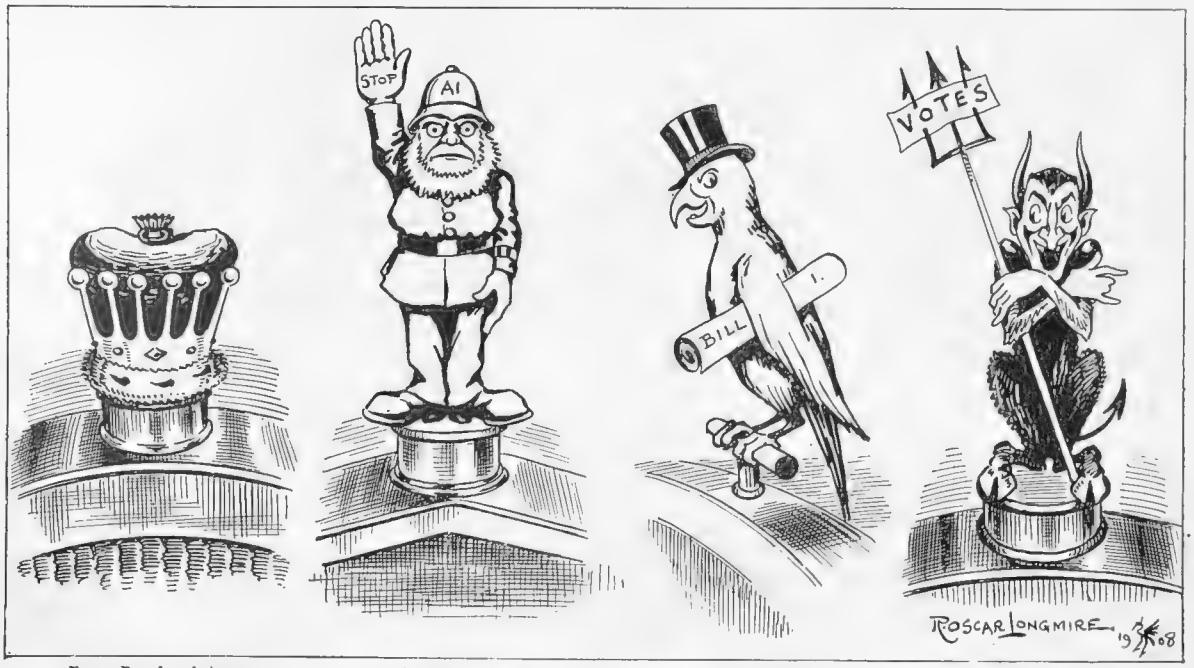
2 P.M.—Cinematographed in my new bathing costume for the Society-leader pictures at the Hippodrome. Interviewed shorthand writer from publisher who is bringing out the "Lives of Daughters of the Peerage," and supplied him with illustrations of palms of my hands, my finger-prints, and my principal birth-marks.

2.30 P.M.—Went to the matinée of the "Notoriety Girl." Purchased a new pair of walking shoes on my way, and changed into them in the stalls between the acts. A lot of people there, some sleeping, some writing letters or playing Bridge, others eating, dressing, quarrelling, making their wills and doing other legal and confidential business. Half fancied some of them did so in order to get notices in Society papers.

5 P.M.—Back at the Ritz for tea. Heard that some sensation had been caused there in the morning by the Countess of Demi-toilette taking her bath in the lounge; rumours of objections by her husband, who held that the place was too public—he is cranky and old-fashioned. While there received wireless offer of marriage from Lord Charles Splash; his message caught up by the receiver of one of the news agencies and published in all the evening papers, with illustrations of kisses. Had no time for personal interview with him, so left word with manager of hotel that I thought I could marry him. Later on inserted advertisement in *Times* agony column, asking him to meet me at Prince's Skating Club and discuss the matter fully on the rink there.

6.30 P.M.—Went on to Claridge's; jolly house-party going on there. Lord and Lady Barge agreed to a legal separation while dining—a lot of strong language used, which was cleverly caught on the gramophone for reproduction in the music-halls. Went on to theatre During the last act changed into a travelling dress in my box; much interest in the pit and gallery—one would think they had never seen a Society girl dress before!

11.30 P.M.—Left Waterloo for our place in Wales—to let mamma know about my engagement, in case she doesn't see the papers. Dictated my diary to shorthand writer in train, then changed for the night—tried my new blue-and-white dressing-gown—and gave instructions to the guard to call me in the morning at 8. A long day!

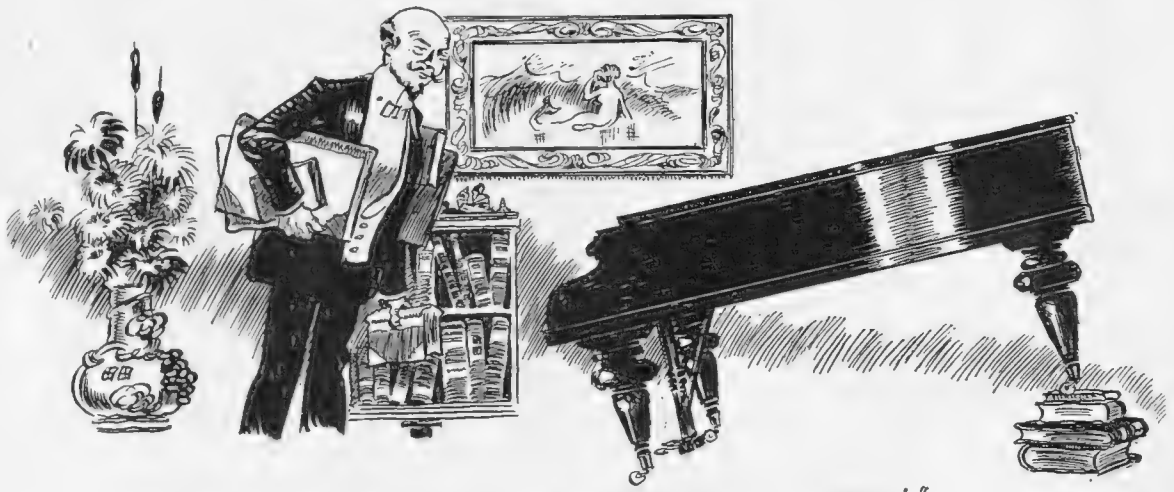


For a Popular Actress — For a Scorcher — For an M.P. — For a Suffragette

MOTOR MASCOTS: A FEW SUGGESTED DESIGNS

If You Want a Thing Well Done, Do it Yourself!

"THIS PIANO IS TOO LOW JOHN I WISH YOU WOULD WRITE TO THE TUNER AND GET HIM TO PUT IT A BIT HIGHER !".



"NOW I'LL JUST SHOW MY WIFE THERE ARE THINGS ONE CAN DO ONESELF !"

"HOWS THAT !!! "

BY RENÉ BULL

THE PLAYHOUSES

"ALL ABOUT A BOUT"

AT THE COLISEUM

Mr. Frank Gotch, Actor-Wrestler

Mr. Frank Gotch made his début before a West-End audience last week as an actor in a sketch aptly named, *All About a Bout*. Mr. Gotch impersonates a Yale student, who, at the eleventh hour, takes the place of one of the principals in a big bout at Madison Square Garden, New York City. He is urged to this desperate course by a friend who has two thousand dollars on the match, and rushes in with the news that their champion has broken his shoulder. Conway (that is the athletic student's name) naturally demurs, but being assured by his excitable friend, who seems to be strung on wires, that all the training he needs is to have "a shave, a shampoo, and his pants pressed," he brightens up considerably and consents to climb over the ropes. The bout itself is a most realistic affair, and demonstrates beyond a doubt that Mr. Gotch is considerably more active on his feet than the average heavyweight.

Mr. Gotch spoke the lines allotted to him very creditably, and scored a laugh with a comedy fall over a settee. The sketch should whet the appetite of the British public for the coming contest between the actor-wrestler and the popular Hackenschmidt.

The American Sport and Stage Entente

I think the *entente* between sport and the stage must be of American origin. Anyway, I can recall a period in American contemporary history when it was quite the thing for champions of the ring to don "sock and buskin," as the picturesque journalists of the past would phrase it. John L. Sullivan made a lot of money upon the stage, though, of course, no dramatic critic ever had the nerve to write the truth about his acting. In the case of Jim Corbett, on the other hand, the critics had no need to protect their skins with the pen of discretion. I saw the famous fighter some years ago in a three-act play, and was much struck by his histrionic ability. "Gentleman Jim" trod the boards as to the manner born. His fine presence showed to advantage on the stage; he moved naturally and easily, and exhibited unmistakable talent as a light comedian. In those days a stage career was regarded as the fitting corollary to prowess and success in other walks of life. *All About a Bout* is succeeded by Bioscope pictures of the Gotch-Hackenschmidt contest. We could have done with a little less of "arrival scenes" and a little more wrestling. The pictures are wonderfully clear, though the fall which decided the match is shut off almost before one can grasp its significance.

A Mimic, a Singer, and a Band

The rest of the Coliseum programme is varied and entertaining. Miss Cecilia Loftus has retained the deprecating school-girl manner of announcing her imitations which first charmed the town (is it ten years ago?). She is most successful in her impersonations of Mrs. Pat Campbell, Caruso, and Yvette Guilbert. Indeed, it is in the difficult task of reproducing tones of voice rather than mannerisms and gestures that Miss Loftus best acquits herself.

Madame Mauricia Morichini, a new prima donna from Brazil, impressed the house greatly with her rendering of French songs.

The "Antigua Pep" Orchestra, from Figueras, played quite a novel kind of brass instrument with terrifying effect. This band must sound fine among the Spanish mountains.

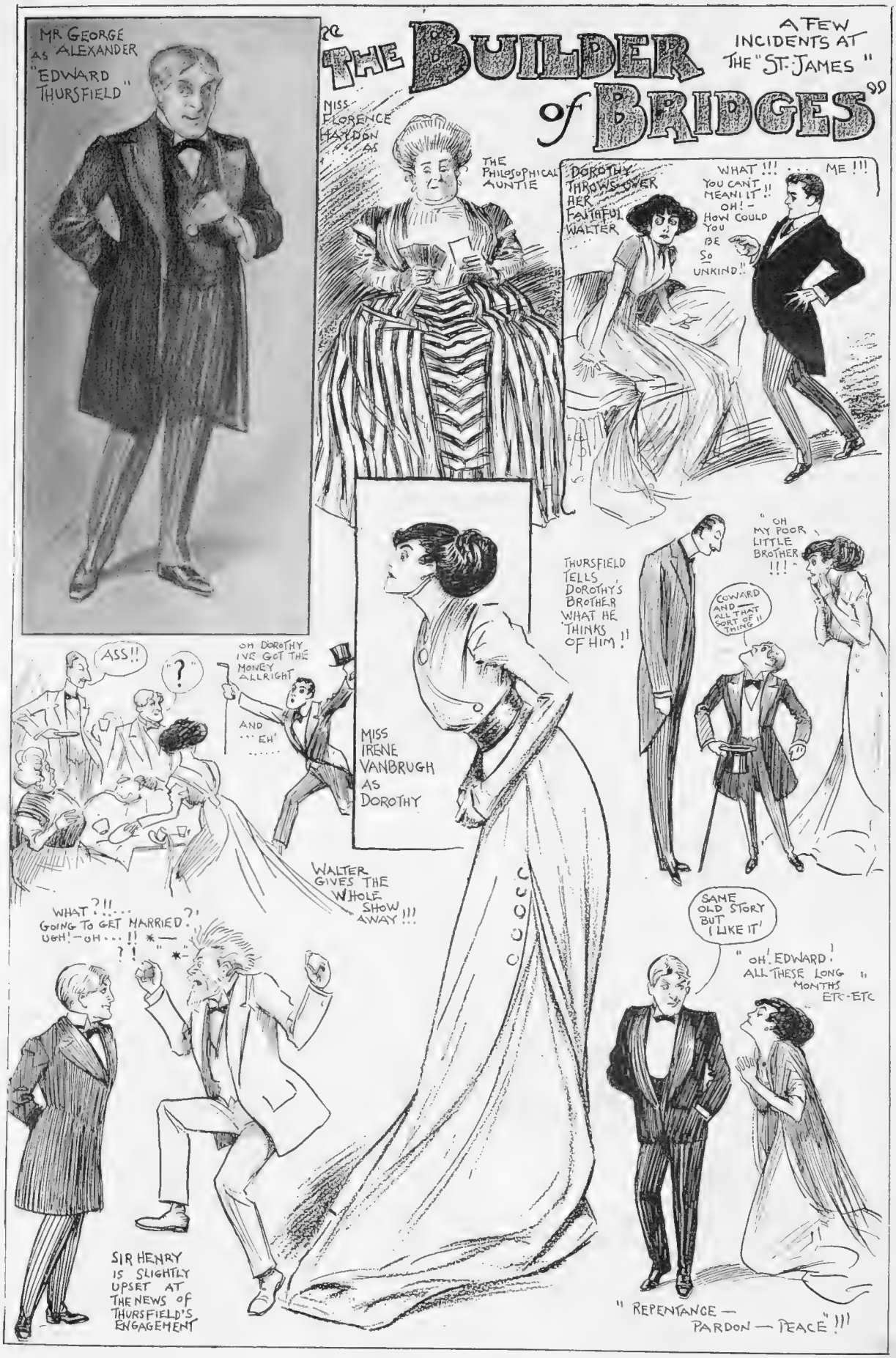
E. C. S.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Wrestling Scene in "All About a Bout" at the Coliseum, a "Spectacular Comedy Athletic Sketch" in which Frank Gotch appears

Gotch, whose meeting with Hackenschmidt is eagerly awaited, is keeping in training by appearing in an American athletic sketch, *All About a Bout* at the Coliseum, in the rôle of a student who, at a moment's notice, takes the place of a champion who has become incapacitated

Mr. Sutro's Alexandrine Comedy



BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

The Kendals at Home

Town and Country Houses

The professional success which has come to "The Kendals," as their admirers invariably call them, has translated itself into financial stability, for Mr. Kendal is a very able man of business. The result is that they have a very fine town house in Portland Place, and a beautiful country house, known as "The Lodge," at Filey, Yorks. It stands a couple of hundred feet above the level of the sea near the centre of Filey Bay, which it overlooks, with the white cliffs of Flamborough on one side, and on the other Filey Brigg, with its wonderful caves and a stretch of seven or eight miles of beautiful sand.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at their Yorkshire Home at Filey

A Music-Billiard Room

It is now some twelve years since Mr. and Mrs. Kendal bought the house, largely in order to be near their friend, the late Sir Frank Lockwood, whose house, Cober Hill, Cloughton, now the property of Sir James Kitson, is some fourteen miles from Filey. In the old days Mr. Kendal used always to shoot over Sir Frank's moors with him, and the great inducement of going North was to be within easy reach of him. Since then, many great improvements and additions have been made to "The Lodge," notably a large billiard-room of pretty and novel design. It is large enough for several parties to play games of cards or musicians to play the organ or piano which are in it without in any way interfering with the billiard players, and also without inconveniencing those who wish to watch the game.

Pastimes

While at Filey, where they always entertain a large number of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal find their chief amusement in riding and driving. Mr. Kendal drives a favourite pair of chestnut cobs, Paddy and Tommy; while Mrs. Kendal drives a Welsh pony named Stanley in a little carriage specially designed and built for her. In addition, they are very fond of indulging in the excellent sea fishing which the district affords.

MR. KENDAL

"The Lodge," Filey, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal's Residence on the Yorkshire Coast when touring is over

Besides their town house in Portland Place, Mr and Mrs. Kendal have a delightful country house in Yorkshire, overlooking Filey Bay and Flamborough, where they are never so happy as when entertaining their friends. Besides his talents as an actor, Mr. Kendal is an excellent man of business, and a good all-round sportsman

The "Sweedlings" of Dolly

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES'S NEW WORD IN PRACTICE

A Debate About a Bill

DOLLY TELFER: "That's the dear little toque you admired so much'
HARRY TELFER: "Six guineas! *Dear* little toque!'

Sunshine After Storm

After one of their little disputes Dolly and Harry Telfer kiss and are friends again

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

HARRY (*Mr. Robert Loraine*): "Ostrich feather ruffle, twelve pounds ten!"
DOLLY (*Miss Ethel Irving*): "That was the one, you remember, when I came into the room you said, 'Stay there, just as you are; I must kiss you!'"
Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy at the Haymarket, *Dolly Reforming Herself*, has given us the new word to "sweedle," a judicious compound of "swindle" and "wheedle," a stratagem to which Dolly, having taken upon herself a vow of reformation with regard to her extravagant expenditure, frequently has to have recourse in persuading her husband that her purchases, and the consequent long bills, are perfectly justified. These scenes between husband and wife, ranging from pleasant persuasion to downright abuse, are excellently acted by Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Robert Loraine

In the City of Mourning

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PEKING FROM THE TARTAR WALL

Photo] A CHARACTERISTIC STREET AND ROOF-SCAPE IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL [*Topical Agency*

Peking, now bearing all the signs of mourning for the death of its infantile Emperor and extraordinary Dowager-Empress, has, during the last ten years, undergone very remarkable changes—changes which make this photograph all the more valuable as a document because it shows a part of the city which as yet is little altered. Even here, however, the telegraph-pole has intruded, and rickshaws, a comparatively modern innovation, are seen side by side with the typical old Peking carts. On the Tartar wall, dividing the Chinese from the Tartar city, "forty feet above the streets and smells," one can get a bird's-eye view of the two great cities, with their low roofs, and watch the picturesque street life, with its unceasing variety of colour, costume, and incident

THE EUROPEAN STORM-CENTRE

A LETTER FROM HERZEGOVINA

General View of Mostar, the Capital of Herzegovina, which has been rather enjoying its annexation

(From Our Special Correspondent at Mostar)

Quite Happy, Thank You!

I AM now in the charming little capital of Herzegovina, which, like Sarajevo, was reported to be in a state of semi-upheaval, but which in reality is as quiet and to all appearances as contented as the Bosnian capital. The only circumstance which reminds one that something unusual might be apprehended is that on arrival at a station a polite police-officer asks to see your papers, and, if you have none, takes down particulars enough to assure himself you are not a Montenegrin or a Servian agitator.

* * *

A Hint to Tourists

The journey from Sarajevo, in the course of which the train has to climb by a cog-wheel railway over a high mountain pass, is picturesque in the extreme, and quite equal to the Dolomite country. The country is full of grottos and stalactites and subterranean rivers, which disappear one knows not where. Some day, no doubt, when rumours of war are no longer about, tourists will find their way to this enchanting land so full of surprises for lovers of nature.

The Man—and Woman—Behind the Storm: The Austrian Archduke and his Wife and Family

Generally credited with being the moving spirit behind the recent events which have altered the Near Eastern map and put the peace of Europe in a trembling balance, Prince Ferdinand is still something of a mystery to both Austrians and Hungarians. His morganatic wife, who was Princess Hohenberg, is a woman of boundless ambition. She is a Bohemian, and determined to be crowned not only Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, but also Empress of Austria

Going Ahead

At Mostar, as at every centre of population throughout Bosnia-Herzegovina, the work of Austria-Hungary strikes the eye. A fine public school gives instruction on modern methods to 600 native boys. Mahometans and Christians alike are keen on taking advantage of this European education for their children. This education scheme is considered by many a dangerous policy on the part of Austria-Hungary. Although a Mahometan Mayor, as in Sarajevo, directs the civil administration of Mostar, the police here as elsewhere are under the management of Austria-Hungary.

* * *

A New Diet

It is to be hoped that this *régime* will continue under the native Diet which is to be granted to the new province, for one of the most pleasant discoveries one makes in Bosnia is the total absence of official harshness. The officials are now busy with the preparation of the new Constitution, and the financial statement, which, by the way, is very

The Decline of Bosnian Polygamy

satisfactory, will have to be laid before it. The climate of Mostar is much warmer than that of Sarajevo, but the inhabitants are poorer, the soil is less fertile, and the industries are less highly developed.

* * *

A Royal Linguist

It would be useless to suggest that at this period of the year the Emperor-King should pay a visit to his new dominions. His medical advisers would not allow it. A visit from one of the Archdukes, however, would be greatly appreciated—Archduke Karl in preference. But provided the Royal envoy is tactful, sympathetic, respects the religious convictions of the population, and *wears a smart uniform*, even though he cannot speak the native language, he is sure of a hearty welcome. The aged Emperor-King can converse in the twenty languages that are spoken throughout his dominions. He also speaks French, but has not had time to learn English.

* * *

Fury in Fiume

My visit to Fiume has given me an opportunity of making the acquaintance of yet another portion and people of Francis Joseph's dominions. I found the populace in such a state of frenzy that it was considered dangerous to leave the hotel. The hatred of the Croatian for the Hungarian is greater, perhaps, than that of the Czech for the Austrian, and since the annexation they have lost no opportunity of showing, even by violence, that they are determined to cease to form part of Hungary, and will endeavour to become attached to Bosnia to form a separate Slav kingdom. The day of my arrival, in particular, things were very serious. The agitators had ordered a general trike, and commenced proceedings by overturning a train coming from Budapest. It was a curious thing to come, in less than forty-eight hours, from the sunshine and calm of an Oriental city, with its proud, handsome, busy, and sober populace, to the city of Agram (buried in a metre of snow), with all the modern requirements, and the charming, yet discontented Croatians. Then, later, to Fiume, with its almost degenerate, half-drunken Italian populace filling the market-place and all the available squares, shouting, gesticulating, trampling on one another in their frenzied violence till the mounted police were able to arrest their leaders.

* * *

In the Harem

Although—to recall my remarks last week on Bosnian woman—polygamy has almost died out in Bosnia and Herzegovina, yet there are still some domestic establishments of the old *régime* left. Of course, these are confined to the wealthy, for polygamy is somewhat of an expensive luxury. But the ladies themselves have no taste for modernism—perhaps because they are not educated sufficiently to appreciate it. For instance, Paris has no attractions for them as arbiter of fashion, as it has for the ladies of Constantinople. They dress in the old picturesque manner. They wear their own hair in their own way, and are addicted to a little cap which is by no means unbecoming—to them. The ladies of the harem are perfectly contented with their lives; and, possibly, watch the gradual passing of things of the old time with anything but favour—so far as they have opinions of their own at all. Theirs is a life, at any rate, of ease and quiet, and they do not see quite how modern notions can make them happier. Indeed, most of them are contemptuous of enlightened European womanhood.

Photo **Not Quite Improved Away Yet! Some Ladies of a Bosnian Harem** [*Graphic Photo Union*

Polygamy is not quite extinct yet in Austria's two new provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, where those Mussulmans who can afford it still maintain a number of wives in their harem, though, as a practice, it is not what it was

TO SUCCEED THE WHITE CITY?

ARCHITECTURAL SPLENDOURS OF SIAM

(WHICH WOULD MAKE GORGEOUS MODELS FOR NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION)

A BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE IN THE HEART OF THE BAZAAR, BANGKOK

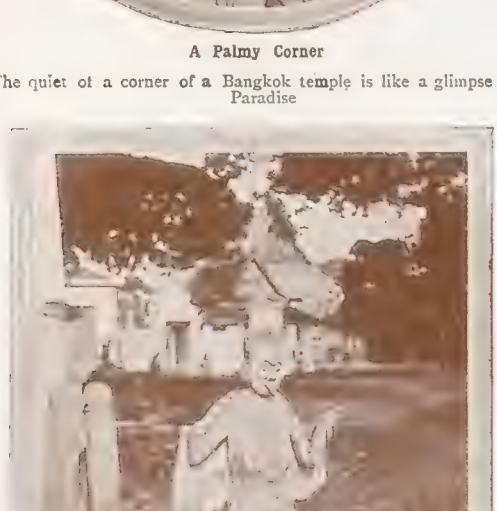
Why should not next year's (Anglo-German?) Exhibition go one better in architectural glory than this year's? We suggest that Siam, as a change from India, might supply the inspiration. The effect of such buildings as our photographs show—with their marvellous colour—would be simply gorgeous. This one is the Wat Sampeng, one of the most exquisite temples in Bangkok, the capital of Siam. Its teak-wood pillars, carved and coloured, its elaborate plaster work, every inch of which is rich with ornament, its red-tiled roofs and tapering spires, make it a building of the most fantastic beauty imaginable. The magnificence of the general effect is heightened a thousand-fold by the gold with which the building is almost completely covered. Bangkok, like all Siam, is now celebrating King Chulalongkorn's fortieth anniversary

IN GOLDEN SIAM: TH PALACES, AN

THE architecture of Siam, as chiefly exemplified in the temples—for these, with the palaces, are the most important buildings in the country — has often been adversely, and somewhat unnecessarily, criticised. But the glitter of Siamese architecture, its many hues—red, blue, gold, and softened white—and blaze of glass mosaics are quite enchanting in the Siamese sun. Why should they not enchant us equally at the next exhibition at Shepherd's Bush?

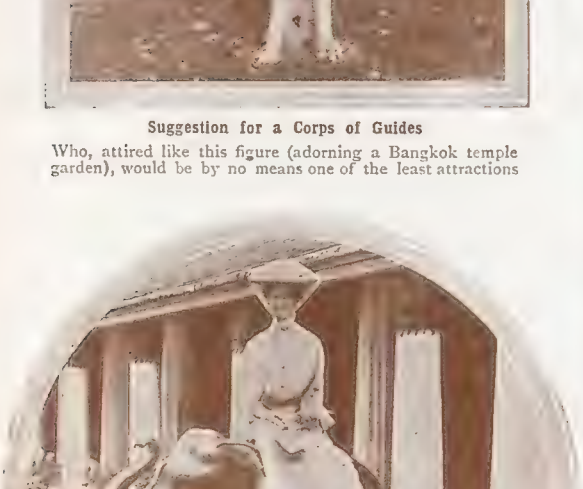
A Palmy Corner

The quiet of a corner of a Bangkok temple is like a glimpse of Paradise



Suggestion for a Corps of Guides

Who, attired like this figure (adorning a Bangkok temple garden), would be by no means one of the least attractions



Elling the Phant! Hint for a New Diversion

Suggested by one of the carved elephants of the Elephant Temple, Bangkok, which English ladies delight to sit on

A Royal Country-Palac

This is one of the three palaces presented by the Chines mass of colour, yellow and green predominating. It co Royal possessions. A "Paillard" resta

What the Next Court of Honour Might Look Like: A Lake

The building on the left contains the Throne Room. The erection of fantastic charr sampans full of visitors would be one of the most delightful co

HE LAND OF TEMPLES, D GARDENS

ce in the Chinese Style

se merchants of Bangkok to King Chulalongkorn. It is a contains the throne of ebony, one of Siam's most famous taurant in this style would be most alluring

Siam is dotted with temples, and Bangkok, the capital, is a city of temples. Each has numerous courts, and the gardens are shady and exceedingly pleasant. As for colour, they sparkle with all the hues the East dreams of, chiefly red—in the tiles—and gold, with which their spires are covered. They are constructed mostly of wood and plaster, and the latter is most elaborately decorated, and stuck over with bits of china and glass. The Royal palaces are almost equally gorgeous, and their gardens as grateful

e in the Grounds of One of the King's Palaces near Bangkok

m in the water would make a most beautiful bandstand, and with Siamese canoes and entres of a possible future Court of Honour at Shepherd's Bush

A Monster-Guarded Temple Entrance

The "mosaics" in the gable above the doorway are chiefly little Japanese porcelain plates, the cargo of a wreck of a century ago

Gymnastics that would Really Fill the Stadium !

Among the international athletes certain to perform at the next exhibition, why not have a section to show the beauties of Siamese drill? Suggested by a carving at Bangkok

Why not a Japanese Tea-House?

To vary the scene, a bit of old Japan like this might be allowed to make a picturesque corner somewhere

Two Aspects of the Temple of the Emerald Buddha

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS SHRINES IN BANGKOK

The Main Entrance, showing the Carved and Coloured Pillars of Teak Wood, and a Guardian Lion

One of the Courtyards, and some Gigantic Guardians of the Sacred Building

Bangkok is a veritable city of temples, among which the Wat Pra Keo, or "Temple of the Emerald Buddha," is one of the best known, for it contains the most famous image of Buddha in Siam. This, which tradition says fell from Heaven four centuries ago, is in carved jade or jasper, and not emerald really. At some ceremonies it is robed in vestments of pure gold. Many other images in this gorgeous temple are of gold and blazing with precious stones. Outside, the building glows with all the colours of Eastern fancy, and the spires sparkle with mosaics. The monstrous demoniacal figures, and lions, are set up as guardians of the temple. Such a building might suggest untold possibilities to the fertile brain of Mr. Kiralfy

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Hunting-Field Manners

So much has been said from time to time on the subject of hunting manners that people who are not foxhunters might be led to believe that things were in a bad way so far as the etiquette of the field is concerned. In fact, it might be inferred that the modern hunting man was quite a boor compared with the sportsmen who composed the fields in the old days. Fortunately, this is not the case. Here and there we see unhappy instances of lack of discipline, and Masters and huntsmen are often sorely harassed on bad scenting days; but this is no worse than the sort of thing which had to be endured half a century and more ago. Even Hugo Meynell, the Father of Foxhunting, knew what it was to be troubled by the unsportsmanlike riding of the members of his field, for it was during his reign in the Quorn country that quick hunting superseded the leisurely methods of old, and men like Cecil Forester set the example of riding close up to hounds across country when the pace had become hotter than had been known before. It was old Meynell who, with more than a touch of sarcasm, explained that the hounds were following "the gentlemen who had kindly gone forward to see what the fox was about." On another occasion he described the start of a gallop by stating that "first out of covert came Cecil Forester, then the fox, and lastly my hounds." If this want of restraint went on when comparatively few had the sport to themselves, what are we to expect to-day, when the average fashionable field runs into three hundred or more per diem, most of them splendidly mounted, and desperately eager to be in a good place with hounds? No wonder that pace and drive are the essential requirements of the modern foxhound, these qualities often being bred for at the expense of nose and persistence. The latter shortcomings the fashionable huntsman has to remedy by dexterity and daring in lifting his hounds instead of leaving it to them to puzzle out the line.

What the M.F.H. Expects

There are certain clearly defined things which every Master of Hounds has a right to expect from his followers. First, there is the matter of dress. It should never be forgotten that the M.F.H. delights in seeing a well-dressed field, and no man should go out hunting attired as though he were about to embark on a rat-catching expedition. A scarlet coat is the true sign of enthusiasm, and attention to the niceties of costume, though blacks and dark greys are increasingly popular, and are quite in order so long as the other details of equipment, hat, breeches, and boots, are in keeping with a smart appearance. Some men get themselves up so carelessly that anyone not knowing them might mistake them for grooms or second horsemen. Kickers and bad-tempered horses are always a nuisance in the field, whether adorned with the red ribbon or not. Chattering when hounds are drawing covert is a practice to be rigorously discouraged, and it is equally objectionable at the trying time when the huntsman is making his cast. Scrambling at gates and gaps is bad form—but how often seen!—and so is the cruel habit of galloping wildly past a man who is struggling to mount a restive horse. In the hunting-field to-day

Photo *C. Winterwood*

The Britannia Beagles' Meet near Brixham

With the hounds is the Master, Commander H. T. Buller, R.N., while standing around are the whippers-in, who are cadets at the Royal Naval College

it is expected that you will have at least a smattering of agricultural knowledge, and will avoid doing damage to young grass and crops. And it is expected, too, that you will not break down fences and do other damage to property by "larking home" after the day's sport. In short, every rider to hounds must remember at all times that he is enjoying a priceless privilege in being allowed to gallop over other people's property, and any want of care or consideration shown by him means a loss of prestige to foxhunting.

Photo *Howard Barrett*

Well Taken!

A snapshot with Lord Harrington's Hounds

Aldershot Sport and Sportsmen

Hunting is obviously a sport eminently suitable for our cavalry officers, and though no regiment in England and Ireland now runs a pack of foxhounds, there is always a strong military element in the fields of the packs whose countries are near to the various cavalry depots. For regiments in the Aldershot command the meets of the Garth, Chiddingfold, and the H.H. are frequently available, and the officers of the 1st Cavalry Brigade now maintain a pack of draghounds, of which Mr. E. W. Hermon, of the 7th Hussars, is Master during the present season. Our page of Aldershot sketches in this issue includes a number of first-rate men to hounds, among whom Colonel Paul Kenna, V.C., is, perhaps, the most conspicuous. This distinguished soldier has a splendid record in racing, polo, hunting, and shooting. He headed the list of gentlemen riders in India for two years in the "'nineties," and was equally successful when his regiment, the 21st Lancers, went to Egypt. He still holds his own across country, and is as keen as ever on polo. It is his great ambition to see the 21st win the Inter-Regimental Tournament.

The Hunting Man's Treasure

If it were sought to name a model sporting work of reference, I should claim the honour for hunting and "Baily's Directory." It has a tremendous ground to cover, seeing that about five hundred packs at home and abroad have to be dealt with. But "Baily" is equal to the work, and every year the book grows larger and more comprehensive. No hunting man who wants to know something of the sport outside the confines of his own particular district can dispense with this admirable Directory, of which the twelfth edition has just been published (Vinton and Co.: 5s.). A. W. C.

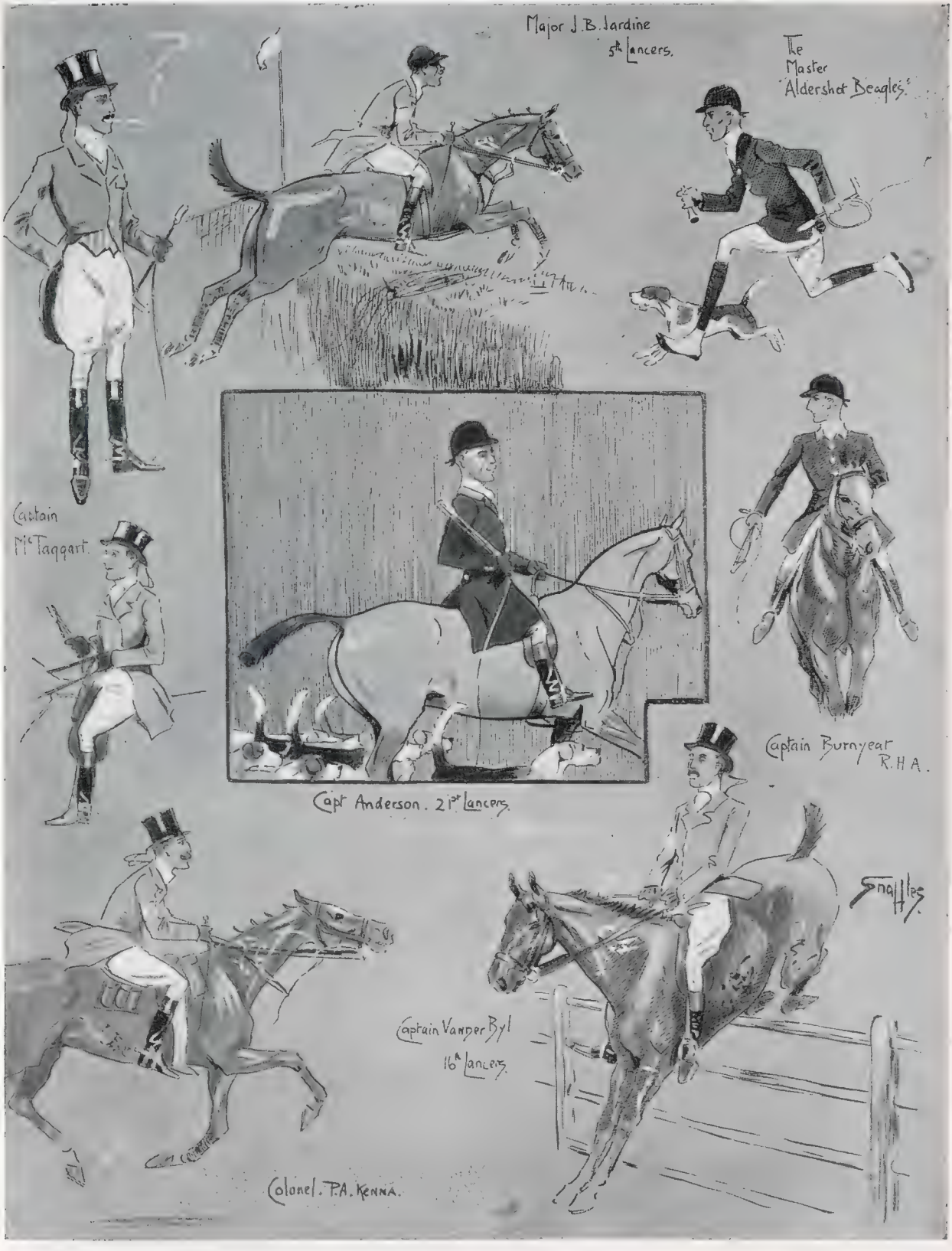
Photo *E.N.A.*

Hungary's Remarkable "Mile Posts": A Well on the Hungarian "Pusztas," by which Travellers Measure Distances

Travellers passing through the pastures and meadow-lands of Hungary are particularly struck by the frequent occurrence of wells marked by enormous posts, as shown above. These are used as land-marks by the peasants, who, when directing strangers across the "pusztas," almost invariably refer to them as the English villager would to a mile post. Cattle rearing would be impossible but for these wells, as the rainfall throughout Hungary is extremely low, only about twenty inches falling annually

Cavalrymen to Hounds

SOME ALDERSHOT CHARACTER SKETCHES



Though no cavalry regiment now runs a pack of foxhounds either in England or Ireland, yet cavalrymen at Aldershot are frequently out with the Garth, Chiddingfold, and the H.H., and the officers of the 1st Cavalry Brigade maintain a pack of draghounds. These character sketches depict some first-rate men to hounds and enthusiastic sportsmen at Aldershot

BY SNAFFLES

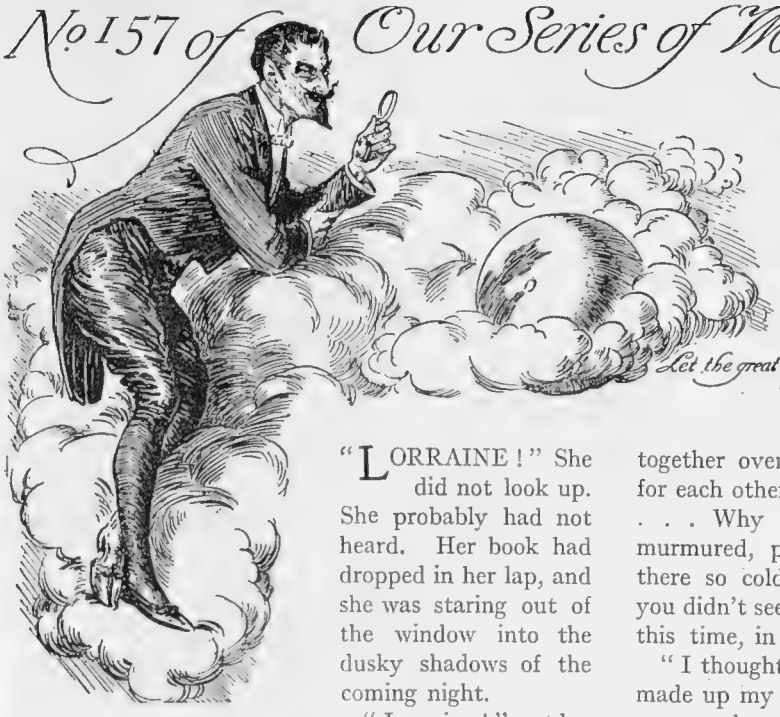
Mr. Graves in a Graves Rôle

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. GEORGE GRAVES IN "THE BELLE OF BRITTANY"

The Mr. Graves we see in "The Belle of Brittany" is the same genial, comical soul we have all learnt to love and to laugh at, and he is as merry as a wedding bell—or, rather, a Brittany Belle—at the Queen's Theatre

No. 157 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



The Sentence

By DEREK VANE

Author of "The Secret Door," etc., etc.

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

"LORRAINE!" She did not look up. She probably had not heard. Her book had dropped in her lap, and she was staring out of the window into the dusky shadows of the coming night.

"Lorraine!" the man said again, and she turned round with a start. "I have made up my mind to tell you," he went on before she could speak, "that I know all about you and Desmond Carey. I know—everything."

He saw the quiver that ran over her, he heard her quick, convulsive breathing, but for a moment she did not speak. Then she said:

"What do you mean? I—I don't understand."

"That lie was hardly worth while. You know as—to my cost—I also know, beyond any possibility of doubt or hope. You cannot deceive me any longer; it would be useless to try—a useless shame and humiliation for us both."

She sat with tightly clasped hands, her lips a little parted, her eyes dilated with fear and horror, looking at her husband. She was too overwhelmed to deny or plead or make excuses. She had had no idea that he even suspected their secret, and he spoke of it quite calmly! She shuddered, and the grip of her hands tightened, bruising the delicate flesh, but she felt no pain.

"What are you going to do?" she asked hoarsely, forcing the words from her dry throat. She felt as though the ground was giving way under her feet, and that she was standing on the edge of a precipice. She did not know what the next moment might bring forth. She was cold and helpless and terribly afraid.

"Michael, what are you going to do?" she asked again sharply. "Are you"—her heart seemed to be throbbing in her throat and half choked her—"are you going to throw me off?"

She felt as if she were being pushed out into the cold and darkness from the warm shelter of a home. She was intensely sorry for herself. She had been cared for all her days, petted and spoilt and made much of. She had never had to face anything alone before.

"I know I have been wicked, but I didn't mean it—we neither of us meant any harm. We drifted into it; I did not wrong you intentionally—before heaven I did not! You left me so much alone, and he and I had so many things in common. We spent hours together over our books and music. We—we cared for each other before we realised what was happening. . . . Why don't you say something?" She murmured, piteously. "You frighten me, sitting there so cold and quiet. It wasn't all my fault—you didn't seem to care." She was half crying by this time, in a weak, complaining way.

"I thought it all out before I spoke," he said. "I made up my mind what to do. I am willing to give you another chance." A little cry of relief escaped her. "I have been too much wrapped up in my work; I have not looked after you as well as I should. So far I am to blame. It was not neglect, or lack of love. I thought I was as sure of you as you could be of me; I thought you were as interested in my success as I was myself—it was for you I chiefly wanted it. I thought——." He threw out his hand. "It is useless to go into all that. I made a mistake. I did not know you then as well as I do now."

"You are so much older," she said, "and you didn't seem to understand! You shut yourself up so much alone; it was dull and lonely for me. I like life and gaiety; I wanted friends of my own age. You know how popular he is; everybody likes him; I could not help liking him too."

"Poor child! It has been a terrible mistake—a miserable business altogether. I ought to have taken better care of you. But I did not think you would be so lightly deceived, that you would fall such an easy victim to a few poor specious gifts."

"Most women admire Desmond if men don't," she said hotly. "He has great personal charm; but, apart from that, he is a poet and musician; he is a very clever man. It is not like you to decry another's gifts. Because they are different from your own, it does not follow that they are less to be admired."

"A poet! A musician!" he repeated, with a twist of his lip. "Those are big words. He composes little love songs, which he sings to his own accompaniment. They are very sweet, very pretty, they hint at vague woes and desires, and he sings them in a melodious tenor voice—but for the rest!" He laughed a little bitterly. "Is that all the women of the present day expect from their lovers? A handsome face, a pretty gift for this or that. They are easily pleased."

She flushed angrily. She was beginning to recover now she knew she was safe.

"It is easy to laugh," she said. "His songs are very popular; they are sung everywhere."

"I can quite believe it. They would be; they suit the present age; they are Byron brought up to date,

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

without Byron's power or virility. After all, those old poets and lovers were *men*; they did things. Byron died fighting—would your poet do the same?

"There, don't let us quarrel. I didn't mean to say anything to hurt you; I made up my mind I would not. Only I don't think I should have found it so hard if you had given me a better rival—not this drawing-room popinjay, with his scents and his jewellery and his affectations. He 'composes' his own ties, doesn't he, and spends hours designing those wonderful waistcoats? At least, so I have heard. . . . But let him go. We have had more than enough of him. As I said, I am willing to forgive you, but there are conditions."

She looked up anxiously, wondering what was coming. A little of the fear came back.

"You must make me a solemn promise to give Carey up at once and for ever—you must have nothing more to do with him. He is not to enter my house again."

"But I can't—it is impossible!" she exclaimed. "How can I? People will wonder what has happened. We have been so much together they will be sure to gossip if I drop him suddenly. It must be done by degrees."

"It must be done at once and completely," he replied. "There must be no delay or hesitation; no possibility of his misunderstanding. I do not wish to humiliate you in his eyes; he need not know what has passed between us unless you tell him. I am willing to leave the matter in your hands to arrange the details as you please. Only"—he paused impressively—"there must be no mistake. The breach must be complete and final. I should not forgive a second time."

"Do you think I am as bad as that?" she exclaimed, indignantly; "that I should be so ungrateful?"

"Ungrateful?" he said slowly. "Is that how it strikes you? Gratitude is cold comfort; but never mind, let it pass. I must have patience; I won't worry you. Love—even the poor semblance of it, bred of empty hours and vanity—cannot be conquered at once. You shall have time. Give me your word—tell me that I may trust you, and I will ask no more."

"I have no choice," she replied, half sullenly. "If you order your doors to be closed against him, they must be."

"You will give him to understand that you can have nothing more to do with him? You will treat him as a stranger henceforward."

"I will write to him to-night and wish him good-bye."

He took her hand in his and held it close.

"Don't think me unnecessarily hard and unkind. It is the only way. The man has fascinated you with his showy graces; you will come to your senses when he is out of your sight; you will find out of what poor stuff your idol is made. I believe you when you say you did not mean to wrong me—it was my own thought—but that shows you must not run any more risks; you must keep out of danger."

She leant back in her chair, looking white and tired. She had been badly frightened, and she was not very strong. She looked even more fragile than she was. Michael Langley was touched by the pretty pale face, with its pouting, childish mouth. What a baby she was after all! Did she really understand what she had been doing? he wondered.

"Go away and rest," he said gently. "We won't speak of it again after this. I won't remind you of it by a word or a sign, so help me God! It is done with. We will make a fresh start and have no more mistakes. You will try to understand me better in future, won't you? Remember, there is no other woman in the world that matters to me but you. You are my first thought; I only want to make you happy."

"If I could go away for a little while," she said; "go to some of my own people for a few weeks and get over it, then I should come back all right. It would be easier in every way. I could break it off better, and I should have time to think and get back my old self."

"Of course," he said, "if you wish. Perhaps it would be best. Go away and bring me back the girl I married—the girl," taking her face tenderly between his hands, "I have never ceased to love. Don't fret, sweetheart"—for the easy tears had sprung to her eyes—"we shall be happy again; things will come all right. I can forgive you, though"—and his jaw stiffened—"I shall never forgive *him*."

She put her hand on his arm with a little caressing gesture. She was grateful for his tenderness and consideration; she could not bear anyone to be angry with her. She liked him, too, though in a different way from the feverish craving she had for Desmond Carey; she felt so restless when he was out of her sight; she could not enjoy anything without him. Well! she would have to get over that. Her life would be dull and tame enough, no doubt, but it would be better than disgrace.

"You have idealised him; try to see him as he is, and you will get over your infatuation. He is not what you think; he is incapable of a great passion. There are men and women one cannot despise who think the world well lost for love. He is not of that type. He is too fond of himself, of his ease, of society. It is not in him to be faithful long to any woman."

She made as if to speak, but stopped herself.

"You think I am wrong—that I don't understand. . . . Did he ever ask you to go away with him?—to leave me and throw in your lot with his? It would have been the more honest course. Did he offer you his life after doing his best to wreck yours?"

She made no answer, but it was answer enough.

Lorraine went away, and Michael Langley waited patiently and hopefully for her return. He would not hurry her; she should take her own time. What had happened could not be put straight in a day. But when a month had passed, and still she said nothing about coming back, he began to wonder. He had not been to see her on purpose—he thought it best not; but he had written regularly, though she did not always answer his letters. Even when she did, her replies were generally brief and unsatisfactory.

Another month passed, then one morning Lorraine received a telegram from her husband telling her to return home immediately. She arrived the same evening, and Michael met her in the hall.

"Will you come into my room?" he said. She had put out her hand, but he did not touch it, nor did he greet her in any way. His voice, too, was curiously cold and inflexible; it had no expression. It affected her like a cold, sharp wind; she shivered as she followed him.

He threw open the door of the library, and stood aside for her to enter. She went in—and started back with a little cry. Desmond Carey was standing by the fireplace. She understood.

(*Continued on page 400*)

A Belle of Brittany

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS BLANCHE STOCKER

Who is now appearing in "The Belle of Brittany" at the Queen's Theatre

(*Continued from page 398*)

Her husband laughed a little as he came in and closed the door. One look at her white, stricken face was enough. She crouched down on a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Why don't you go and comfort her?" he said to the cowering figure by the fire that neither spoke nor moved. "It is your duty now—your privilege, not mine. Can't you make a braver show before the woman you professed to adore? Remember, in future she will look to you for everything. It will, perhaps, be a little difficult for you to live up to her expectations, but it is a pity to let her see you so soon out of your frills and ruffles. You posed as a figure of chivalry; you were so tender and gallant and sympathetic. What has become of it all? You understand women as plain men can never hope to do. Go to her now. Tell her that she has not lost all—that you are left."

But still neither the man nor the woman said a word.

"Ah, I understand; you want me out of the way; you will be all right when you are by yourselves; you are naturally a little embarrassed before me. It does you credit. Well, you shall be alone directly; I have only a few more words to say. This is the last time I shall see either of you here—or anywhere else, I hope—so you must pardon me for keeping you against your will. It is not for long—and you will have the rest of your lives together."

Lorraine looked up with a little cry, and threw out her hands with an imploring gesture, but Michael took no notice.

"Listen!" he said sternly, turning to Carey. "You have stolen my wife from me—stolen her for good this time; I do not want her back. She is yours. But because she has been my wife, because she is as frail as she is false, because she has no more sense of honour than you have, and is altogether poor and weak and pitiable, I will do what I can for her. I shall seek a divorce immediately, and claim heavy damages, which there is little doubt I shall get. The money will be settled on her, and you will marry her as soon as she is free."

The man looked round, but before he could speak Michael held up his hand.

"There is nothing for you to say; I will not listen to a word. I want neither assent nor refusal. You have heard and you will obey. I shall see to that."

"Michael!" Lorraine implored. "Let me speak. I——."

"Stop!" he said, turning on her fiercely. "Have you no shame? What more can I want to know? I wonder you can bear to look me in the face. This man at least owed me nothing; I have done nothing for him, but for you——. You know what I would have done for you. . . . Did you think you could trick me again so easily?—that I was as foolish and fond as all that? . . . Go! I give you each to each. You are worthy of one another. What more can I say?"

The man moved slowly towards the woman; there was no eagerness now in either face. The man had a furtive, trapped look; he appeared the more ignoble of the two; all his airs and graces had dropped away, and he was but a poor travesty of the smiling, graceful dandy, whose *métier* it was to make love to women. But whatever he felt he said nothing. He was too great a coward to show fight.

"Remember," Michael said again, "you will marry this woman as soon as the decree is made absolute. If you don't"—he paused to send the words home—"I will shoot you down like a dog. I swear it! I wouldn't trust any oath you could take, but I can trust your craven spirit. You know I mean what I say, and you would be afraid to defy me. . . . Now go!"

He stood motionless as the door opened and closed. He looked round the room. He was alone.

DEREK VANE.

NAPOLEONIC CHESSMEN

Photo *G. J. Jones and Co. Surbiton*

A Unique Set of Carved Ivory Pieces with a Curious History

This curious set of ivory chessmen portrays the features of many well-known figures of the Napoleonic era, Bonaparte himself being represented as the White King. Both this piece and that of the White Queen, his consort Josephine, are beautiful examples of carving and excellent likenesses. The pawns are from pictures of some of the Emperor's leading staff officers, while the Bishop is curiously enough represented as a jester, and is said to resemble strongly a Napoleonic prelate. The Red figures represent the Arabs in Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, the Sultan and the Sultana, like the White King and Queen, being nearly four inches in height. In this case the pawns are the likenesses of Sheiks. The set is said to have belonged to Napoleon himself, and is stated to have been brought to this country during the Commune

Lady Frederick Becomes Dolly Telfer

MISS ETHEL IRVING IN THE NEW COMEDY AT THE HAYMARKET

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Miss Ethel Irving seems to grow more accomplished with every rôle she plays, and after her almost unexampled success as Lady Frederick, it seems as if she were to score an equal triumph in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new Haymarket comedy. As the expert "sweedler" (see page 385 for examples of its use) in her scenes with her husband, she keeps the house in a roar, the whole forming an admirable skit upon a domestic wrangle

THE LIBRARY

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Eye-Witness." By Hilaire Belloc, M.P. (Eveleigh Nash: 5s.)

"An Immortal Soul." By W. H. Mallock. (George Bell: 6s.)

"The Lady of Kensington Gardens." By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Eveleigh Nash: 6s.)

SOME NOTABLE BOOKS OF THE HOUR

The Queen's Photographs

Certain contemporaries, scenting the undoubted approach of a reaction against the snobbishness which has paralysed us for the last decade, have professed to be annoyed at the exploitation of Queen Alexandra's photographs as a Christmas gift-book. I think that here they protest wrongly. As mere photographs, the contents of the book are neither better nor less good than most amateur snapshots. But as contemporary Court *history* they are invaluable. Her Majesty as a photographer is, no doubt, just average; but her Majesty's facilities for taking photographs are such as to give her veriest smudge an interest and even historical value greater than the finest effort of the most artistic of her professional brethren. Who else, for instance, but her Majesty is able to give us an insight into the historic Reval meeting of last June, which has proved, perhaps, the turning-point in European history? In the gift-book we have several interesting snapshots of the mysterious meeting between King and Tsar. Who knows but that the two figures pacing the deck of the *Standart*, whose back views the Queen shows us, are not arranging at that moment some piece of *haute politique* of incalculable importance? There are scores of other pictures, taken at piquant moments, of personages entrusted with national destinies. We must concede to her Majesty's book a very definite place in our libraries and drawing-rooms. The photographs give us a most valuable insight into the inner lives of rulers of the day. May time long preserve them—and their taker!

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. W. H. Mallock

Whose latest novel, "An Immortal Soul" (Bell: 6s.), is reviewed this week

* * *

A Fine Failure

In *The Eye-Witness* (Eveleigh Nash: 5s.) Mr. Hilaire Belloc scores what one might call, for want of a chaster expression, a "d——d fine failure." He has a superb idea, but in his working-out of it he shows unnatural restraint. Consequently, one is left in memory of the idea only, and in oblivion of its expression. One gloats over what one would oneself have done with it had heaven favoured one with the needful imagination. The idea is to present us pictures of the various events of history as witnessed by some odd contemporary. For instance, Julius Caesar's invasion of Britain by two soldiers of the Tenth Legion; the execution of Charles I. by a truant apprentice who has broken shop to peep at it. The mere statement of such an idea arouses the fire to work upon it. Mr. Belloc's was doubtless so aroused, but he has escaped with a very poor scorching. He does not attempt anything dramatic whatever in the actual stories. The apprentice, for instance, sees Charles "turn a moment, spread his arms out as an example of what he next should do, bend him toward the block," etc., hears the clock strike, sees the axe fall, and—sneaks back to work. But there is no life, no feeling in that apprentice. He is as dead as Charles himself at the fall of the axe. Is it that Mr. Belloc has missed the point of his own idea, or has he been too languid to bother to be thorough? Or—a quite likely alternative—has he deliberately chosen this reticence as the most artistic method—because eye-witnesses, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, *are* dull people? I fear there is something in this. In our own day, when something sanguinary happens in some street, the person who sees it, and gives evidence, is generally John Smith, porter, William Jenkins, clerk, or Samuel Green, carpet-beater; never anybody ornamental or brilliant or interesting such as—say—Hilaire Belloc, M.P., etc.

* * *

A Novel of Representative Types

That Mr. W. H. Mallock still writes, and that with most of his old charm and introspection, will be good news to his admirers. *An Immortal Soul* (George Bell: 6s.) is really an admirable novel. That it will charm the lover of swift incident and rapid pen-portraits is not to be said. The reader must be patient and reverent in his entry

Thanks, Old Man

but really I prefer to smoke my favourite "SAVOY." You see it's like this, I tumble across some business acquaintance pretty nearly every day who says—"Have a cigarette, won't you?" Can't very well refuse, you know, but to be quite candid I'd much rather he smoked it himself. There's only one consolation, and that is, when I get back to my "SAVOY" Brand, it makes me feel that I'm just revelling in luxury.

Can you try one? Certainly. Here you are, and if you don't fall in love with 'em instanter my name's not Jack Robinson.

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of the tabernacle. Mr. Mallock spurns coincidences, eccentric types, and that sort of thing. He reasons that fiction ought properly to confine itself to incidents and types of character which are generally representative. And so, in this book, we have a novel of representative people. There is Sir Rawlin Stantor, retired diplomat and Parliamentary candidate; the Rev. Theophilus Barton, ascetic parson, militant against the pretensions of science; Gustav Thistlewood, psychologist; Lady Conway, elderly *mondaine*, to mention but a few, and the action is mostly in the South Devon town of "Southquay." The story turns on the dual personality of a young girl, who oscillates between the quiet devotional and the rowdy adventurous—who is alternately one and the other, under different names. Towards her, both Stantor and Barton are attracted, and the book is largely occupied with a study of the varying influence upon the girl's character of the two widely different men.

Mr. Owen Seaman
Whose book of poems, "Salvage" (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), has just been published

The Mysticism of Kensington Gardens

The glamour of Kensington Gardens has fallen on Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd even as it fell on Mr. Barrie, and he takes it for the stage on which to exhibit his characters in *The Lady of Kensington Gardens* (Eveleigh Nash: 6*s.*). Baldly, the story tells of a successful Colonial who, after many years absence from this country, strolls into the Gardens on a visit to London, and there meets the mysterious siren-like personage who gives her name to the book. Forgetting his wife and children, he falls a victim to her fascinations, and though each endeavours to break the spell, the lady at last consents to go out of the Gardens "by the same gate"—otherwise, consents to his appeals. Artistically, however, she takes poison on the way, and passes into the world beyond the Gardens a dying woman, to save him from himself and for "the little Vikings," his two golden-haired children. The story is all worked out in a very pleasant, mystical style, which, however, hardly fits in with its theme, for it is suited for more delicate and whimsical subject-matter. The characters of both the principal actors and the *habitués* of the Gardens to whom we are introduced are a little strained, but the book is, nevertheless, promising for Mr. Lloyd's future work outside that of journalism pure and simple, to which hitherto I believe he has devoted himself.

* * *

Not a New Book—But Worth Revival

It would have been just as well had Mr. John Lane seen fit to put some intimation on *The Doomswoman* that it was a new edition of one of Miss Gertrude Atherton's earliest works, instead of launching it upon the public, I believe quite unintentionally, as a new novel. Our memories are short nowadays, and without in any way wishing to be derogatory to Miss Atherton, a purchaser having forgotton the title might well be excused annoyance if he finds that he has expended 6*s.* or 4*s.* 6*d.* on a novel which he has already read. Having aired my plaint, however, I am glad that this story has entered upon a new lease of life, for just as a good play can well bear revival so can a good book, though it be not a classic. For the benefit of those who did not read *The Doomswoman* on its first appearance, it can be recommended as a fine romance of Old California, when it was peopled by fiery, warm-blooded Spaniards. There is plenty of incident, and Miss Atherton is entirely successful in creating the atmosphere of the people and the period.

* * *

"Punch" Poems

Those who have enjoyed Mr. Owen Seaman's verses in *Punch*—that is to say, everybody who reads the journal of that name—will be glad to possess themselves of *Salvage* (Constable: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), which, being interpreted, means a selection of poems rescued from the columns of the periodical above mentioned. True, the humour of most of the clever author's verse is of the mood of the moment. Still, there are good rhymes, and Mr. Seaman represents very well the views, grave and gay, of the educated Englishman who, though not exactly up-to-date, is, at all events, recent. I would not, of course, apply the expression *passé* to the sentiment which inspires Mr. Seaman's muse; "matured" is the more graceful expression. One feels that it has had its fling, and looks about for the newer thing.

* * *

"Aerial Warfare"

An authoritative treatise on one of the burning questions of the hour is to be published immediately by Mr. John Lane in *Aerial Warfare*, by R. P. Hearne, with an introduction by Sir Hiram Maxim (7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is the purpose of this book to calculate the possibilities of the aeroplane and the airship in that emergency, never far off, when the delicate balance of European Powers is upset. The spectacle of each nation striving to out-top the other, Germany with her ships, France with her air-fleet, is sufficient evidence of the timeliness of this suggestive and noteworthy book.

THE NEW YEAR IN JAMAICA

A TOUR WITH ELDER DEMPSTER

By Raymond Blathwayt

CONSTANT SPRING HOTEL, JAMAICA

The New Year's sun shot suddenly up from behind the Blue Mountains sharply outlined against a tropic sky of translucent splendour; a hawk wheeled and screamed in the near foreground as the anchor chain rattled in the morning stillness, the *Port Kingston*, one of the most beautiful ships afloat, came to a standstill, the long voyage was over, the chief officer heaved a sigh of thankfulness, and I, completing a thirtieth or fortieth voyage, exclaimed with deep content, "Thank goodness, I am in the tropics once again!"

And, indeed, I was glad. Only twelve days before snow lay upon the Bristol streets, and a fierce wind tore down the narrow channel as we slowly and carefully forged our way out to the open sea, but the voyage had thereafter been so calm and still that not once had the fiddles been fixed to the saloon tables, and the time had passed with marvellous swiftness, charmed and whiled away by concerts, dances, and the Irish yarns of the chief officer. And everybody was rested! That is the charm of a voyage on the *Port Kingston*. It is a restful ship, a ship whereon it is always afternoon, the afternoon of Tennyson's dreamland lotus-eaters. And, somehow or other, Constant Spring Hotel, crowded as it is during the long and brilliant season, carries on this delightful sensation of complete restfulness. Though there is always plenty doing—golf and tennis in the magnificent grounds that surround the hotel, and picnics and riding-parties, cinderellas, concerts, and the annual February fancy dress ball—yet for those who desire it there is deep, unending rest and ease from trouble and worry to be sought and found in the lounges and sofas that crowd the wide, cool verandahs of this most delightful of West Indian caravanserais. But even the laziest man, worn out with the stress and turmoil of English business, political, professional, or literary life, does not go to Jamaica only to go to sleep on a sofa.

There is Spanish Town, with its long memories of dead Colonial days and its beautiful old cathedral and its far-famed Bog Walk to be seen—and once seen it is so sweetly beautiful it will remain a charming memory for evermore; and there are those marvellous botanical gardens—Hope Gardens—with specimens of the most wonderful trees and flowers from almost every part of the world; there is Port Antonio and the Titchfield Hotel, under its far-famed American management; there is Montego Bay and Montpelier, with its groves of feathery bamboos and its wonderful herds of Indian cattle; you must see the clear shining of the water in the Blue Hole, of which Miss Dolf Wyllarde gives so delightful an account in "Mafoota."

And then, of course, there are the flowers of Jamaica and the wonderful trees and palms and ferns; there is nothing more beautiful in all the world than the grey and silver cotton trees, with their buttresses that are so forcibly reminiscent of an old Norman cathedral. It was in the branches of one of the most beautiful and famous of cotton trees that Tom Cringle and his brother middy lay and smoked a West Indian cigar. Tom Cringle has long since crumbled into the dust, but the cotton tree is still standing in magnificent antiquity. A humming-bird quivers over a spray of hydrangea, and as you catch the gleam and glitter of its jewelled wings in the fierce rays of the tropic sun you realise with a start how far away indeed you are from the tame and placid joys of an English country lane; and suddenly the sharp clang of the bell upon an electric tramcar, crowded from end to end with a brilliant-hued, ever-laughing, chattering crowd of black people stirs you out of a dreamlike *reverie* on the stately Spanish past of the Island of Jamaica, and you swiftly wend your way back to the cool verandahs and great open reception rooms of Constant Spring Hotel, where, however great the heat may be in Kingston, the air is always cool and sparkling and exhilarating as a glass of champagne.

Some Autumn Biographies

"Corot and His Friends"

If the reader should love the art of painting, or have chanced to live in a house with a Corot or two, or knows that charming master's work in the museums and places where his pictures are gathered together, or even if he should happen to be an artist in temperament or performance—then, I am sure, he cannot but find great delight in Mr. Everard Meynell's *Corot and His Friends* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net). The lives, alas! of artists are apt to be like those of the rest of us, compact of "blithe outsetting, sad arrival," but Corot is a divine exception. From his earliest days, amidst a somewhat philistine and unsympathetic family, he loved his art, and in return that art sustained him throughout his long life with a pure flame of happiness. The story of his student years and the long period of his splendid labours, the characteristics of his many friends—for all artists loved him—are pleasantly set forth in Mr. Meynell's informed and sympathetic book. In short, I know of no higher praise than to say that the book is worthy of Camille Corot—the fine, simple man and inspired painter.

* * *

Long Ago Love Affairs

Mr. C. H. Jeaffreson has translated from the French of M. de Wyzewa a number of short and long articles, which he calls *Some Women: Loving or Luckless* (John Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). In a day when light historical biographies are very welcome to the readers of circulating libraries this volume should gain some popularity, for it is agreeably written and very diverse in subject. It is true that a good many of the sad stories of long-dead Queens have been told before. Sophia Dorothea and the Königmark affair is rather old game, George III.'s sister, Caroline, and Struensée has often been excellently recounted, and so forth; still, new readers will be found, no doubt. But there are also many articles on less-known but equally interesting personages in this work which are comparatively fresh. The illustrations form, in themselves, a little gallery of the loved or luckless—from Mary Stuart to Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

* * *

A Life of Raleigh

In *Great Raleigh* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) the innate seriousness of character which is so obvious in Mr. Hugh de Selincourt's novels rather overweighs the gaiety and charming qualities of Sir Walter. Although merged knee-deep in contemporary authorities, the author does not add anything very important to our understanding of one of the most picturesque and best-known Elizabethians. His style is rather laboured than agreeable. But there are passages of historical insight of no small value. The contrasts of various characters about Elizabeth's person, such as that which shows Dudley as expressing the presumptuous vitality of the Court and Sir Philip Sidney its vital poetry, are excellently done. As a whole, however, the *Great Raleigh* would have been better accomplished by a writer whose sense of comedy had remained undulled by his weight of knowledge.

A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

The Most Wonderful Woman of the Age

In the Dowager Empress of China the most wonderful woman of the age has just passed away, though she was not wonderful in a manner we should like to copy or see copied. She was opposed to our Western ideals, to our habits of thought, dreams of progress, hopes of awakening and development. This ruler of 400 millions of subjects came from a race where women are supposed to be crushed or disregarded; from, say some, a humble origin to the foremost rank in the Empire. It is an example of how nature (the nature, in this case, of the strong, proud, masterful) will assert itself in spite of all obstacles and overstep every barrier. Or is it because only in the East, as one journalist has it—that land of wonder, barbarities, strange inconsistencies, and remarkable developments—only in the East are these fairy tales possible? I think the most extraordinary thing in Tsu Tsi's career was her mysteriousness, for who ever understood a single thing about her? I suppose therein she shows what womanliness was in her, for if a man owns that he can barely comprehend the woman by his own fireside, how should 400 millions of mere subjects, far removed from her august dignity, even guess at the real meaning of a personality that willed so strongly to remain inscrutable?

An Enigma

Nobody of less force than the most remarkable woman of modern times could have had it in her power to remain so unmodern, and, besides that, and in spite of that, hold such a grip upon a great, though backward, Empire. The thing reads even now like some gigantic fable. And who understood her either in Europe or her own land? Nobody. Since her death I have read both wholesale condemnation and positive panegyrics. I have perused vague hints of her awfulness, and valiant suggestions that she may have been grossly libelled. Why it isn't even certain where she came from! The slave-girl theory is discountenanced by a tale of noble descent, or a frank confession that her earlier, like her later, history remains an enigma. Anyway, she was a remarkable woman! We are constantly pursued by that reflection. For forty-seven years she grasped and wielded a marvellous power which the meanest British subject would not envy.

A Story with a Moral

And then she died (even yet a mystery), some say of grief, others by illness, yet again others by her own hand, or that of an enemy, died in lonely grandeur, too august, though she must share the common fate, for humanity to approach the sacredness of her person. One cannot determine whether her life or death was the most pathetic. Yet, apparently, she liked her strange, unnatural position, for she lived and worked for it, and other people died strangely when they might prove a hindrance. Perhaps she was satisfied, and if so, this of all things shows the most pathos. One is quite thankful to be a modern woman in a civilised country, able to breathe freely and act sanely. As to our menfolk, they grumble sometimes, but how grateful they should be for their bright, intelligent English women. So this story ends with a moral for the masculine!

LADY PHYLLIS.

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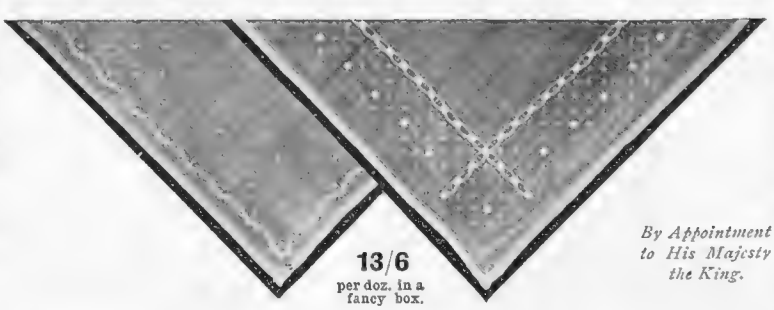

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Golf Notes and Notions By ERNEST LEHMANN

Last Week's Famous Foursome

The foursome match which was the result of the challenge thrown out by Tom Vardon and E. Ray to all and sundry, and accepted by George Duncan and C. Mayo, was duly fought out on Friday and Saturday on the respective courses of the Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal and the Prince's Golf Club at Sandwich. The match, which was delayed for about a month by Ray's encounter with the Ganton Club dog, had aroused much interest, and promised, on paper, to be most exciting and even. But promises are just as deceptive in golf as in most mundane affairs, and the actual match can never be said to have been either exciting or critically close. Just as in a prize-fight one of the men gets in a lucky blow in the early rounds which staggers his opponent, and from which the latter never recovers, so Duncan and Mayo, by a succession of brilliant strokes in the second, third, and fourth holes of the morning round at Deal established a substantial lead, which Vardon and Ray were never able to wipe out. At the second hole Duncan put a full iron shot stone-dead, thus securing for his side a three, where the others got the par four; he repeated the performance at the third with his pitch, securing a four where the others got the par five, and at the short fourth (Sandy Parlour) Mayo, as though to show that Duncan was not to have all the cake, laid his tee shot practically dead, and gave his side the hole with a two where the others got a par three.

An Early Lead

Practically the history of the match is contained in these three holes, for, to all intents and purposes, they settled the issue. There were, of course, moments, and it looked as though the match might become critical. But in every case the younger men went away again and got back their substantial bank balance. I am quite sure that those early three holes gave Duncan and Mayo an immensely comfortable feeling, and *per contra* had an intensely depressing effect on the older pair. I need not go into the details of the match, which finished at the thirteenth hole of Prince's course on Saturday afternoon with the victory of Duncan and Mayo by the very substantial margin of six up and five to play. The match was practically clinched by the first three holes of the final round, all of which were lost by somewhat loose play by Vardon and Ray.

The Players

Throughout the match the younger men played the better golf. They were a better combination than the others. Of the four players Duncan undoubtedly played the finest golf. His tee shots were a perfect treat to behold almost without exception, and his run-up pitches were consistently good. He made most of his few mistakes on the putting-green. Mayo played grandly all through, some of his full iron and wooden club shots up to the hole being particularly good. Ray did the donkey work of his side, for, sooth to say, Tom Vardon did not do himself justice. There were brilliant flashes, but the Tom Vardon of this match was not the sound and brilliant player we all know him to be. It was not his day out. Mayo's holing-out was admirable, but the stylist on the greens was Ray.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Racing: Last Days of the Season By CARBINE

What Will Win the Last Big Race?

The last scene of all in the flat-racing season is the sport at Manchester this week, with its fascinating November Handicap on Saturday. Fascinating, partly because it is the medium of the last flutter of the year for many people, and partly because it is a race which trainers and owners are desperately anxious to win—there will be no other chance of effecting a *coup* until next season. Those who believe in following class will not overlook Norman III., in spite of his big weight, for the American colt is, undoubtedly, a good one. It will be recalled that he was strongly fancied for the Derby, but a mishap in that race prevented him from giving his best running, and also interfered with his training until the autumn. Now he is quite himself again, and likely to run prominently on Saturday. Procope and Wuffy have been among the disappointments of the season, but Santeve has done well for Mr. George Edwardes. At the same weight as she, however, are Spate and Ebor, whose chances I should prefer to the filly; indeed, I am of the opinion that these two will have much to do with the finish. Spate will be performing over a course which suits him admirably, as he showed when winning the race two years ago at 100 to 7, and I was fortunate enough to forecast his success in these pages. Ebor is trained in the same stable as Wuffy, and will probably be its representative, though Mr. Bendon's plans were not definitely known at the time of writing. Cargill is greatly fancied at Newmarket, while Mondamin might be considered a good thing on his Derby Gold Cup victory, though he is much too uncertain an animal for my liking. Without wading through the claims of the bottom-weights, I will suggest **Ebor** as the probable winner, and SPATE and NORMAN III. appear to me most likely to be the next best.

Other Racing of the Week

Racegoers in the South of England have their last day's flat-racing at Newbury on Wednesday. **Succour** carries top-weight for the Newbury Autumn Handicap, but this very game and consistent performer will require a lot of beating, and should be supported for win and place. In his absence I should rely upon Roseate Dawn, who likes this course. The November Nursery may be won by **Bonny Boy**, and the Theale Plate by **Sister Betty**. The Manchester Meeting begins on Thursday, when the Delamere Handicap may fall to **Detection**. On the following day **Tzigane** is my selection for the Lancashire Nursery, and I think that in **Cocksure II.** one can name the winner of the last flat-race of 1908, the Final Plate.

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"TATTERSALLS" OF THE MOTOR WORLD

The wisdom of ages, from the time when man first enlisted and trained horses for service, is summed up in the fact that the vocabulary of the most "horsey" and sporting of men contains no such phrase as "a second-hand horse." Because a horse has been sold and bought and driven or ridden by different people, its value is in no way regarded as being disqualified or underwritten. Among the men who use or have to do with horses—the most practical and philosophic section of mankind—it is too well realised that the value of a horse—or any other possession for that matter—is precisely that of its use to each individual. To the hunting man invalided by repeated accidents across country a steady-going, sure-stepping cob is of more personal value than the stoutest hunter that ever took a five-barred gate, though to say that is not to depreciate the latter horse nor to declare that the cob is the superior of the two. It is simply a matter of the one being more perfectly adapted to individual needs than the other.

It is the recognition of this fact which makes ridiculous and unknown the description of a horse as "second-hand." It is the growing realisation of the underlying truth that "the value of a thing is the use of it" which has established among motorists the large and increasing practice of selling, buying, and exchanging cars which have seen more or less use on the roads. A man having graduated as a motorist with a small 6 h.-p. or 10 h.-p. car yearns for the swifter delights of a 25 h.-p. or 40 h.-p. car, and as the first step to its acquisition he proceeds to sell his first car. It runs well, probably better than when it left the factory, for the various parts of its engine have in actual use acquired perfect unison of working. For the man about to begin motoring there can be no more suitable car, for its classification as "second-hand" markedly reduces its cost and enables him to acquire a car of higher class and of a famous maker for less money than the price of a lower grade car direct from the factory. Such a car which has been well driven and cared for will generally give more satisfaction, both intrinsically and also in relation of its value to price, than a brand new car, just as a horse matured by actual work between the shafts or under the saddle is more satisfactory than a colt only recently broken in. Incidentally, also, the purchaser of a good "second-hand" car finds it fully equipped with many requisite accessories and fully tuned up to working pitch and in that perfect running order which a car attains only by actual work on the road.

To revert for a moment to our opening comparison, it is these things which in the world of horses have made "Tattersalls" the national depot where the man in search of a horse goes to see, to inspect, and to purchase. The Tattersalls of the motor world is the depot in Shaftesbury Avenue of the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency, which receives and offers for sale second-hand cars of all the leading makers. Because of the facilities it offers to the motorist for the sale or exchange of his car for one of newer design or higher power, this Agency is able to offer the widest selection of cars of proved worth to the would-be purchaser. Because of its attraction to the purchaser, by reason of its unique system of testing all cars before accepting them for sale and the width and persistence of its advertisement of the cars it accepts, the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency has become the quickest and surest medium for the disposal, as for the purchase, of motor-cars.

Here it is possible either to sell or to buy cars by all the leading makers:—Mercédès, Mors, Napier, Panhard, Renault, Rolls-Royce, Rover, Spyker, Argyll, Ariel, Daimler, Darracq, De Dion, Humber, Fiat, Maudslay, these are some of the cars now on sale at 55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue. Before any car is accepted and so offered for sale by the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency it is overhauled and examined by the Company's expert mechanics. No car "faked" or "tinkered-up" in order to be got rid of can possibly pass such an examination. The Agency for its sale is promptly and unconditionally refused, so that in buying a second-hand car from the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency even the neophyte is safeguarded against fraud or deception. It is the business of the Agency to sell cars—not this or that particular make of car, forcing it upon the acceptance of all and sundry however divergent their needs or varied their resources. The wide range of cars entrusted to the Company permit it to act with perfect impartiality, and to offer, if desired, advice as to the car most capable of fulfilling the client's needs. In this relation it may be added that adequate trial runs of any car will always be arranged for prospective purchasers, while old cars will be taken in part payment or payment in deferred instalments can be arranged.

These unrivalled opportunities offered to purchasers are made possible by the equal facilities offered by the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency to motorists who wish to dispose of their cars. The only charge to vendors is 10 per cent. commission on the sale price, and the Company is prepared to make cash advances on the price of a car pending sale. To its possession of an extensive *clientèle*, the London and Paris Exchange Motor Agency adds the further attraction of extensive and persistent advertising in daily, weekly, and technical papers of every car entrusted to it for sale, so that both the seller and the purchaser of a motor-car find the unequalled opportunities for the fulfilment of their mutual needs at 55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

LAWN TENNIS

The Invasion of South Africa

The All-England four have made an excellent start to their South African tour. Their first two matches, against Port Elizabeth and the Eastern Province, ended in bloodless victories, the English side winning all the four Singles and two Doubles of which each match consisted. G. W. Hillyard, however, had to go all the way to beat Wood in the first match, and the latter is clearly a very useful player, as he and Lumsden only just lost to Reggie Doherty and Escombe. The latter player, however, was not at his best. Doherty is making a fine missionary, his volleying and driving arousing both enthusiasm and reverence, but the varied eccentricities of W. V. Eaves's service are, perhaps, the chief delight to South African spectators. "The Doctor" appears to be in his most brilliant form in this particular, and has, no doubt, recovered from the dire confusion into which he was thrown at an English tournament last summer by one of his victims blandly inquiring, as he watched the first ball served kick past him, "You didn't intend that for a service, did you?"

The third match of the tour was against King William's Town, and in this case also every match was won, both in the Singles and Doubles. The invaders have yet to meet any of the three men from South Africa, Kitson, Gauntlett, and Richardson, who played so well here last summer, but there is no reason to think that their run of victories is likely to receive a check even when the pick of South Africa's players are encountered.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Oxford's Downfall

It is a long time since students of form have had such a hard puzzle to solve as that presented by the Australians' matches with the Oxford and Cambridge fifteens. Up to last week the prevailing opinion was that Oxford were a good deal stronger than Cambridge, and yet against the Australians Cambridge were unlucky to be beaten, as they were, by a couple of points, whereas Oxford were easily vanquished by 19 points to 3. Of late years it has become quite the fashion, whenever an Oxford side does anything at all out of the common, to compare it to Harry Vassall's team of immortal memory. The present team has not escaped the inevitable comparison, and the critics who are responsible for it must have felt particularly silly when they saw the scratchy way in which the forwards performed last Wednesday. I am quite prepared to admit that they were having the "off-day" to which all teams are liable, and that they were unlucky in having this happen just when they wanted to be at their best; but a really great eight would never be as completely "off" as they were. The inevitable conclusion is that their previous record flatters them: that up to last Wednesday they had nothing much to beat; and that the Australians were the first really strong side they encountered. They are evidently a pack that can play a winning game almost to perfection, but they lack the necessary determination to play an uphill one. It is, however, a matter for regret that such a fine team, as the Australians undoubtedly are, are not a little more careful about the due observance of the rules. They were penalised at least a dozen times at Oxford, besides having one of their side ordered off the field, and there was more than a suspicion of obstruction in the case of two of their tries. Penalties, as we all know, can usually be incurred with impunity, but a team which acts upon this knowledge is not playing the game in the spirit in which it ought to be played.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Oxford v. The Australians: A Trying Tackle

Unfortunately, the match last week, in which Oxford were beaten by the Australians by 19 points to 3, was a little marred by a lack of the due observance of the rules by our visitors, one of the men having to be sent off the field

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

BY COMYNS BEAUMONT

Sins of Society

I must confess that a sense of grievous disappointment filled my mind as I listened to the various speakers who addressed the members of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the Press after the banquet at the Whitehall Rooms given to inaugurate the Olympia Show. Postprandial oratory is admittedly one of those rare gifts which seldom fall to the lot of the ordinary humdrum mortal, be he motorist or otherwise, and I do not suppose that anyone present on the occasion under notice anticipated the hearing of anything approaching the ideal. What, however, one naturally expected to hear was a clear and outspoken pronouncement on points of vital interest to every motorist, whether in the trade or ranking as a private owner. The avowed intention of the Government to increase taxation without earmarking any portion thereof for road improvement, for instance, is a subject one would have supposed fit for denunciation by the leaders of the motor industry. I am sure that had Mr. Manville, in his capacity of President of the Society, raised his voice against this threatened iniquity, he would have carried the sympathy of his auditors much more completely than he did by his dissertation on the *genus* "road hog." The "road hog" is most certainly a nuisance to every user of our roads and streets, and his extermination a matter of public utility. But the "road hog" is not only an inferior animal, he is a very minor quantity, and to elevate him to a prominent place in the discussion of a professedly pro-motor assembly is to give him a dignity and importance to which he is by no means entitled.

* * *

Politics v. Petrol

In proposing "The Motor Industry," Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart., was certainly within his rights in drawing attention to the important part which motor spirit has played, and must for some time continue to play, in the development of the internal combustion engine, but I am convinced that the worthy Baronet might, with advantage to his auditors, have addressed himself to other matters of at least equal importance. The strong necessity which exists for combined action among all automobilists in refuting the many calumnies propagated by a section of the public and the Press, for instance, is a theme one might have thought worthy of insistence before such a gathering. For my part, as a private motorist, I deprecate the attitude of those who pander to the unreasoning cackle of the multitude, and I am pleased to observe that the speeches were but scantily reported, because I think, had the outside public been more fully informed of their drift and tenor, the too-prevalent spirit of antagonism would have been fomented. All motorists are not "road hogs," and it would be more becoming if those whose positions give them a certain weight in the councils of automobilism were to address themselves to the work of convincing the enemy by showing a firm and united determination to fight for those rights and privileges to which we are clearly entitled.

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The 12 h.-p. Humber Motor Cab

Although nominally of 12 h.-p. the Humber cab in reality gives considerably more power. Owing to this fact, the public are finding out that with this make they can run long distances out of London far more comfortably than with the usual small cabs. The four-cylinder engine with which it is fitted possesses advantages which cannot be obtained with a two-cylinder. Not only does it assert itself wherever hills, however steep, have to be negotiated, but it also gives much greater smoothness of running

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THE VERDICT of the Motoring and Daily Press was that the NEW 12 H.P. 4-CYLINDER ADLER CAR was the feature of the Olympia Show, by virtue of its moderate cost, splendid workmanship, and superb "MORGAN" coachwork.
Price, with 2-seated "MORGAN" body, £280.
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Other 1909 Adler models are 7 h.p., 15 h.p., 20 h.p., 30 h.p., and 40 h.p.

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WITH EXCITEMENT
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C.D.C.

Daimler

A Leading Engineer's Opinion of the New Daimler Six-Cylinder.

"*October 26th*, 1908.

"I had a most interesting time at your Coventry Works on Saturday last, and very much enjoyed the run I had in your new six-cylinder car. She is extremely quiet and full of power; the way she crept along on her TOP SPEED at about THREE MILES AN HOUR was MARVELLOUS.

"I feel I MUST have one of the cars, and shall be glad to know when you will be able to deliver it.

"Enclosed please find specification of what I require.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "CHAS. A. WALKER."

Please Note that the PRICE of the Six-cylinder Model is £800.

THE DAIMLER MOTOR CO. (1904), Ltd., COVENTRY.

Olympian Reflections

Now that the seventh International Exhibition promoted by the Society of Motor Manufacturers remains but a memory, it is pleasant to be able to chronicle the verification of the opinion expressed in THE BYSTANDER three weeks ago that a turning-point has been reached, and that immediate prospects have assumed a brighter hue. Manufacturers have done well in making the moderate-powered car their "leading line," and the general public have been much impressed with the all-round excellence of the show. One of the most remarkable features of the late Exhibition was the interest displayed in carriage-work. Day after day the many thousands who crowded the halls and galleries devoted themselves to an inspection of the various examples of motor-body work on view, and it is reasonable to assume that to a great extent the motoring public are now fairly well satisfied with the mechanical efficiency of the different makes of cars, and are intent upon the comfort and utility of their superstructures. All the arrangements were excellent, and the officials of the Society are to be congratulated upon the undoubted success which attended their efforts. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

Agents of several Indian potentates were much to the fore at Olympia. The gigantic six-cylinder Renault, which attracted so much attention, goes out to the Maharajah of Cooch-Behar, while the "Silver Rogue," which won so much kudos for the Rolls-Royce firm in the 2,000 miles trial, was sold on the opening day of the show to his Highness the Maharajah Tikari of Kashmir.

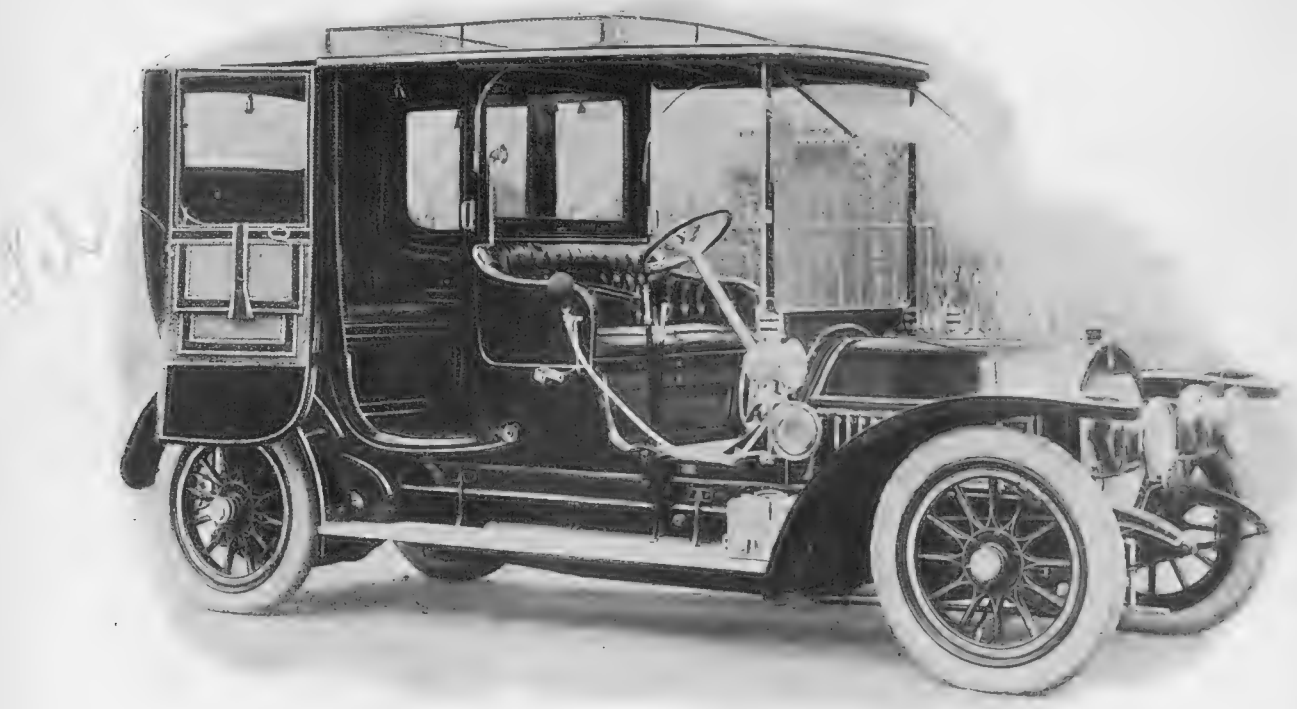
As usual, the tyre census gentlemen were actively in evidence. Of the 2,200 odd wheels 46 per cent. carried Dunlops, and just over 32 per cent. Continentals. This is an increase in favour of the latter of nearly 10 per cent. on last year, and is a striking testimony to the growing popularity of these tyres.

Among the many excellent small cars few were more popular than the 14-16 h.-p. Straker-Squire light run-about, which, at £315, found many purchasers.

Motor literature has received an acquisition by the publication of the eleventh edition of "*The Motor* Manual" which, while retaining all its well-known features, has been enlarged by an additional forty pages at least and about a hundred new illustrations. The price of the book is 1*s.* 6*d.*

Messrs. C. E. Whittaker, Ltd., agents for the Imperia Cars for Great Britain and the Colonies, have pleasure in announcing that they have enlisted the services of Mr. W. P. Warren Smith, late of the Argyll Company, in their sales department.

What looks very like a record is claimed by the Daimler Company, who sold fifteen cars to fifteen different purchasers in fifteen minutes.



The 35-45 Gladiator Carriage de Luxe which has been acquired by the Marquis of Waterford

Lt.-Col. Holford, Equerry to his Majesty, placed an order for a 28-35 h.-p. F.I.A.T. before leaving for Cherbourg to meet the King and Queen of Sweden.

Mr. F. Newton writes in very eulogistic terms of the Kempshall tyres used by him at Brooklands, when, after travelling twenty laps at an average speed of 100 miles per hour, he found the tyres good for at least another twenty or thirty laps.

The London and Parisian Motor Co., Ltd., of Davies Street, W., have secured the sole concession for the Delage Car, which is to be sold at from £180 to £330 complete.

The next house dinner at the Motor Club will be on Friday, December 18, with Mr. Walter de Freece in the chair.

The Ivel Agricultural Motor Company, of Biggleswade, are now supplying their machines on hire.

Printed copies of the paper read before the R.A.C. by Mr. Knight may now be had on application to the Daimler Co., of Coventry.

Overheard at Olympia by the "Scorcher." Lady to friend: "My body is black and blue."

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT. — For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

CONSULT JERMYN STREET MOTOR WORKS and GARAGE if you are thinking of buying or selling a NEW or SECOND-HAND CAR; REPAIRS and CARS for HIRE.—Address, Wells Street, Jermyn Street, S.W. Telephone: 4757 Mayfair.

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"INCREASING POPULARITY."

OVER 30%

of the Tyres exhibited on cars at Olympia were fitted with these famous tyres, the balance being divided between

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OLYMPIA

FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Those who had the *entrée* into the Maison Paquin last Wednesday and Thursday—and a permit, let me say, was necessary—were greatly privileged. For not only was there an exhibition of the very latest creations straight from the Rue de la Paix, specially designed for the Royalties at the Berlin Court, but Madame Paquin herself was there, chatting with that magnetic personality which is so wholly hers. Epitomising in her elegant presence, the artistic modes she so ably pioneers, Madame Paquin stands a monumental evidence of dress carried to the highest pinnacle of artistic perfection. As to the actual exhibition, it included gowns and millinery for practically every occasion, rarely beautiful and exclusive confections of the decreed pronounced outline, effected in the richest fabrics, enhanced by embroideries, and, in several instances, extremely long fringes. Fringe unquestionably ranks high as a decorative medium at the Maison Paquin. Nor is there any mistaking the advent of the collarless throat.

Everybody was talking of the beauties of a sable coat, valued at 3,000 guineas, a *chef d'œuvre* that is ultimately to pass into the possession of that great Court favourite, Mademoiselle Farrar. Madame Paquin certainly does wisely to visit personally her branch house over here from time to time, and the impression she leaves behind, although scarcely to be put into so many words, is exceedingly valuable.

An Elegant and Moderately Priced Evening Confection
(Sketched at The London Corset Company, New Bond Street, by Dorothy Millar)

A "Volte-Face" in Millinery

Even those who are in the very thick of things in Paris confess that it is something of an effort to keep pace with the coquetry of millinery. A few days now suffice completely to stamp out a vogue. As for the busby toques of marabout and feather trimmings, the eccentricities of which we are still endeavouring to assimilate over here, the Parisian *élégante* will have none of them, and is forcing into a front place all manner of quaint Charlottes and bizarre little caps. Meanwhile, despite many protests and assertions to the contrary, the extremely large hat flourishes for carriage wear. And the chief reason given for this is that the many rich women who frequent Paris *will* have a show for their money in the guise of a plethora of waving plumes. All the same, the "Ayes" have it for the new and smaller toque.

Corsets and Costumes at the London Corset Company

Among those who have succumbed before the demand of inexpensive evening dresses are the *chatelaines* of this fashionable rendezvous. They are, moreover, *au fait* with a great many things of considerable interest to such women who desire to keep away from the beaten track.

Apropos of the pictured evening dress, here is one of many moderately priced models on a like scale of elegance and value, a *chic* confection of cinnanon net trimmed with *entredeux* of the new crinkled lace, worked with large *pois* in

The Bystander, November 25, 1908

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 260.—Vol. XX. Wednesday, November 25, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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20 ACRES. 5 BEDROOMS. STABLING FOR 6.

£2,000 FOR QUICK SALE will be accepted, though a big loss to owner, for a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, just over 2 miles from a station. Lounge hall, dining and drawing rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Pretty grounds with croquet lawn, etc. Paddocks, 2 of which produce £40 a year.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Drawing room (22ft. 6in. by 16ft. 6in.), dining room (22ft. 6in. by 16ft.), billiard room (full sized), smoking room, morning room.

9 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), and complete offices.

Stabling for 4, coach-house, motor-house, and 2 cottages.

GRANDLY TIMBERED OLD GROUNDS

of exceptional attractiveness; tennis lawn (2 courts), croquet lawn, shrubberies, ornamental water, walled kitchen garden, nuttery, glass, meadow and parklands, in all

ABOUT 28 ACRES.

A well-known private cricket ground is included.

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grandly wooded, summer and tea-house, commanding extensive
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Stabling and coach-house for several carriages and motors.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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45 MINUTES SOUTH.

£2,500.—BEAUTIFUL old-fashioned RESIDENCE, at an *undoubted bargain price.*

Hall, drawing room (32ft. by 14ft.), dining room (22ft. by 14ft.), morning room, 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.).

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON A HILL.

Commanding lovely views over *one of the most favoured parts of the Home Counties.*

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are magnificently timbered, and include croquet and other lawns, shrubberies, rosery, prolific kitchen garden, etc.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PERFECT COUNTRY.
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£3,200 for this modern RESIDENCE, with about 4½ acres of exceptionally productive gardens and meadow-land. 2 miles from a main line station, and midway between an important town and quaint old village. 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms. Numerous outbuildings. High situation. Gravel and chalk soil.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

PERFECT LITTLE HOUSE WITH 70 ACRES.
1 Hour Express Rail, South of Town.

£6,000.—Compact PROPERTY in ring fence. Well timbered, practically all old pasture. The adapted Farm Residence in the centre. Long drive. Lounge hall (22ft. by 20ft.), 3 reception, 7 bed, fitted bath. Modern sanitation, main water. Stabling for 5. Model dairy. Cottage. Attractive walled garden and pleasure grounds. Gravel soil.

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have been cleverly displayed, 2 tennis courts, croquet lawn, archery ground, rose garden, extensive winding walks broken by shrubberies, kitchen garden, paddock, etc., in all

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MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY.
Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

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PERFECT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE OF 21 ACRES.
BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST.

FOR SALE, the above picturesque RESIDENCE in an ideal situation, with South aspect: 4 reception, billiard, and 17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 8; tastefully arranged pleasure grounds; Company's water; acetylene gas; close to excellent golf links.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,924)

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MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY'S AUCTION GALLERIES, 9, CONDUIT STREET, and 23a, MADDOX STREET, W., which are OPEN DAILY to receive GOODS intended for early SALES. Valuations are prepared for fire insurance, estate duty, and all other purposes. Policy-owners are reminded that a signed inventory by Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY greatly facilitates settlement with insurance companies after a fire.

A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE JACOBEAN ERA.
BEAUTIFUL OLD PANELLING AND BEAMS.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS, within easy reach of a main line station, from whence LONDON IS REACHED WITHIN THE HOUR. The Residence is well situated on high ground in 16 acres of park-like grounds.
THE FINE OLD PANELLED HALL
with large open fireplace, suite of reception rooms, billiard room (full-sized table), 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, with large coach-house and garage; men's rooms, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 1,283)

JUST WITHIN THE HOUR OF TOWN.

400FT. ABOVE SEA. RAGSTONE SUBSOIL.

KENT.—3 miles from the interesting old town of Maidstone, amidst some of the most delightful scenery in the South of England, absolutely unspoilt by modern developments, with glorious views over a varied landscape. The House is 100 YEARS OLD,
with fine old stone walls 2ft. thick, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. (house easily enlarged); stabling for 3; 2 fine old Elizabethan cottages. The grounds, comprising 7 acres, are beyond description. So plentiful are the fruit, nuts, and vegetables that the surplus
PAYS THE ENTIRE UP-KEEP OF THE GROUNDS.
—Full particulars of this charming little Freehold Property of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W., who have inspected. (4,022)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA.

40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very choice position, commanding magnificent views. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and contains: spacious hall, billiard room, 3 reception rooms and conservatory, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; capital detached stabling for 4, harness room, coach and motor-houses, and 2 men's rooms; delightful pleasure grounds, ornamental lawns, herbaceous borders, 2 good tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen garden, 2 paddocks, in all about 13 acres; near excellent golf courses.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected. (2,902)

AS ABOVE. NO EULOGY REQUIRED.
¼ HOUR OUT; QUITE IN THE COUNTRY.

GROUNDS OF 7 ACRES, well timbered.—The HOUSE is in perfect order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, and bathroom; stabling for 3 horses.
FOR SALE.
—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,066)

A REAL OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD WITH ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TELEPHONE.

TO BE SOLD, this delightful old QUEEN ANNE FARMHOUSE, renovated and brought up to date, with hot and cold water throughout. It is approached from a lodge by a private road and carriage drive, and stands in the centre of
27 ACRES OF MEADOW-LAND.
Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling ample, as are the outbuildings; motor garage, farmery, etc.—Inspected by KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,052)

HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON, with frequent service.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant position on the top of a hill: lounge hall (27ft. by 17ft.), dining room (25ft. by 16ft.), drawing room (21ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. by 18ft. 9in.), library, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual offices, including servants' hall; electric light; gas and Company's water laid on; telephone installed; the garden contains some fine old oak and silver birch trees; well-made tennis court, rockery, etc.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,008)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

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NEAR ONE OF THE PRETTIEST REACHES OF THE UPPER THAMES.

NEWNHAM MANOR (Wallingford), comprising the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, with the adjoining ESTATE of about 800 ACRES, for SALE. The Mansion, which is of moderate size, is in perfect order, and possesses all modern comforts, including electric light, stands in a grandly timbered and delightfully undulating park; picturesque lodge, magnificent elm avenue, inexpensive gardens and grounds, glasshouses; capital stabling; home farm, cottages, etc.; well above but within easy reach of the river Thames, to which there is an important frontage; about a mile from the station and the quaint old town of Wallingford. —Detailed particulars, with plan and views, can be obtained of the Agents, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W.

HERTS (in a lovely district 40 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views; magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; gas and Company's water; ¾ mile from station. Greatly reduced terms would now be accepted.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,059)

TO CITY MEN AND OTHERS (beautiful rural district; under 1 hour from the Stock Exchange). — For SALE, a delightful RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 50 acres. MORE LAND IF REQUIRED. Excellent, handsome Residence, standing on gravel and sand, at a good elevation, commanding fine views, and surrounded by nicely timbered park; billiard and usual reception rooms, about 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices; ample stabling; cottages, farm-buildings, etc.; charming, finely timbered grounds, kitchen garden, and moderate amount of glass; golfing, hunting, and shooting in the immediate neighbourhood.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,129)

SURREY (in one of the most popular residential districts, within easy reach of a station, and only 40 minutes from London).—TO BE SOLD, an exceedingly CHOICE FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above delightful Family Residence, occupying an exceptionally healthy situation on gravelly soil, surrounded by charming pleasure grounds and 35 ACRES of parkland. The House contains: entrance and inner halls, 4 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), and convenient domestic offices; excellent stabling; walled kitchen garden, with complete ranges of glass, including conservatory.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,037)

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF LINKS (near, 1 mile from station, 6½ from East Grinstead).—To be SOLD, a capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 47 acres, in a high situation, with magnificent views: 10 bedrooms, suite of large reception rooms, lounge hall, and offices; stabling and farm-buildings; attractively laid-out grounds, lawns, croquet ground, gardener's cottage, picturesque lodge, long carriage drive; pasture and ornamental woodland. 40 acres extra land adjoining can be had. —Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,996)

HOLMWOOD AND LEITH HILL.—For SALE, the above old MANOR HOUSE, seated on high ground, amid well-timbered park-like lands and woods, 150 acres in all. House contains: 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 4 reception rooms; lovely old-world grounds, stream intersecting Estate.—Recommended from inspection by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,892)

HERTS (near Hemel Hempstead; main L. and N.W.R., ½ mile from town and station).—£2,000 will PURCHASE a pretty old-fashioned HOUSE, modernised, standing high, on gravel; South aspect; lovely views; grounds of about 4 ACRES; pleasure garden; tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, and paddock; stabling for 2, and outbuildings; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, conservatory; a mile from golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,208)

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£3,300 will PURCHASE a capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glasshouses; occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)

TO GOLFERS AND OTHERS.

WALTON-ON-THE-HILL GOLF LINKS (close to), 550ft. above sea; grand views.—To be SOLD, a particularly attractive COUNTRY HOUSE and 13 acres, 1 mile from station, under an hour from the City: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, suite of capital reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; stabling; motor-house; charming grounds and meadow-land; Company's water; modern drainage.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,128)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE and WARWICKSHIRE BORDERS (near station on G.C. Ry. main line, close to village, post and telegraph office, 8 miles from Rugby, and in close proximity to several well-known meets of the Pytchley and Warwickshire Hounds.—To be SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive and very pretty pleasure grounds, gardens, etc., of ABOUT 6 ACRES. It contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and good domestic offices; first-rate stabling (mostly boxes) for 20 horses, coach-house, saddle and cleaning rooms, and several rooms for men; 2 modern cottages; excellent water supply; good drainage; lighted by petrol gas; 35 ACRES OF EXCELLENT LAND CAN BE PURCHASED.—Inspected and strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,515)

TO LOVERS OF OLD HOUSES.

HOME COUNTIES (within easy reach of London).—A charming little PROPERTY, comprising a genuine and beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, judiciously and accurately restored, and possessing many quaint and interesting features characteristic of the age, although supplied with modern conveniences. It contains: panelled reception rooms, about 8 principal bedrooms, bathrooms, with proportionate servants' rooms, and domestic offices; good stabling; men's rooms; cottages, etc.; the old-world pleasure gardens are very finely timbered, and in beautiful condition. There is also some very useful grassland.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,200)

£1,600 WILL PURCHASE a medium-sized COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 20 ACRES, in a lovely district near Tintern Abbey, between Chepstow and Monmouth: 7 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 sitting rooms; stabling for 3 horses; pleasure and kitchen gardens, and grassland; 1¼ miles from station; high position; splendid views.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,867)

HERTS (in an extremely pretty and rural village, only 40 minutes from London). — To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a desirable old-world RESIDENCE (see view above), with beautifully timbered grounds and meadow-land of over 60 acres; high and sheltered situation; fine views; 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, suite of large and handsome reception rooms, including billiard room; stabling for 10, 4 cottages; pleasure and kitchen gardens, orchards, plantations, oak avenue, and entrance lodge.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,063)

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ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.** **AUCTIONEERS**

£120 PER ANNUM, WITH SHOOTING OVER 750 ACRES.—Fine old HOUSE, amidst fine grounds and grassland of 17 acres: 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 3 reception; stabling for 6; cottages; good sporting locality.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

FOR WINTER AND SPRING.

MINEHEAD DISTRICT.—Well-furnished RESIDENCE in beautiful situation: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 5; good gardens; capital hunting and golf. Rent, only 4 gns. per week.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,040)

EPSOM.—To be LET, Unfurnished, most conveniently placed, old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 1½ acres: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4, groom's rooms over; gas and water laid on. Rent, £153.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,577)

GRAND SPORTING ESTATE OF OVER 1,000 ACRES in favourite part of Western Midlands.—Fine old MANSION, with suite of reception, over 20 bedrooms; well-timbered park and grounds; good stabling; several cottages, farms, etc.; excellent shooting, hunting, golf.—Full particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

COTTESMORE COUNTRY (centre of).—To be SOLD, the above exceptionally choice old-fashioned RESIDENCE or HUNTING-BOX, 400ft. above sea level: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling for 8 or more; pretty grounds of about 2 acres.—Full details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 6,999)

YORKSHIRE.—To be SOLD, an artistic RESIDENCE, standing in lovely old grounds of 7 acres: 3 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 5; 4 very good cottages; the gardens and grounds are tastefully laid out, and include ornamental fountain and tennis courts; large kitchen garden.—Box K 4,054, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, an attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE, with over 300 acres. The House is beautifully fitted and in perfect order. Accommodation: large hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; excellent stabling for 14 horses; attractive pleasure grounds; farmery, cottage, and 2 lodges.—Box K 3,910, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

AN OLD SUFFOLK HOMESTEAD (3 miles from a market town and main line station.)—The Residence is a gentleman's place in every way: 4 reception, 7 bed, bath (h. and c.), etc.; acetylene gas; excellent arable and grassland, with a stream, in all nearly 200 acres, with ample farm-buildings.—Box K 4,033, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—To be SOLD, a beautifully built and compact moderate-sized RESIDENCE, 1 mile from a main line station, from whence London is reached in half an hour. The House stands in about 8 acres of charming pleasure grounds, and contains: pretty lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling and outbuildings.—Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4; 2 cottages and farmery; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Box K 3,863, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

A BARGAIN.—Old-fashioned RESIDENCE and about 6 acres of grounds to be SOLD; 40 minutes from Town, quite in the country. Accommodation: 4 reception and billiard rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 8.—Apply, Box K 3,957, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

35 MINUTES OF LONDON.
AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SURREY (L. and S.W. main line).—Above old-fashioned RESIDENCE to be SOLD at the low price of £1,700: dining room (30ft. by 20ft.), drawing room (25ft. by 20ft.), smoking room, lounge hall, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 2; pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, 3 glasshouses; gravel soil; gas and water laid on.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,466)

AT A BARGAIN PRICE.

SOMERSET (Minehead).—To be SOLD, beautifully placed RESIDENCE, with pretty grounds of 1¼ acres, carriage drive, lodge: hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; good stabling; electric light; excellent hunting. Price, £2,750.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,386)

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

KENT (Beckenham).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, an exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre, with lawns, kitchen garden, vinery, peach-houses, fernery, and range of glasshouses; hall, 3 good reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; electric light. Price £3,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ARUNDEL.—Very comfortable RESIDENCE, on high ground, near sea and golf links: 3 reception, billiard, 7 bed and dressing, bath, etc.; stabling; pretty gardens, 2 acres; gas and main water. Furnished, for the Winter, or possibly Unfurn shed.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (890)

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£130 PER ANNUM.—To be LET, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in matured grounds of 3 acres. It is only 45 minutes from London, and contains: entrance hall (14ft. 6in. by 14ft.), drawing room (20ft. by 15ft. 0in.), billiard room (33ft. by 17ft. 9in.), study, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 5 horses; coach and motor-houses; beautiful old garden, 2 tennis courts, good kitchen garden.—Box K 3,956, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.—To be SOLD, an old-world RESIDENCE: large dining room with inglenook, drawing room, both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and men's rooms; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 16 acres.—Apply, Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO CITY MEN.

SURREY.—One of the most charming PROPERTIES, situated within 8 miles of Charing Cross, for SALE. The well-built House contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, etc.; the grounds (of about 1½ acres) are the great feature, being beautifully wooded and in perfect order.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,120, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

150 ACRES. MEDIUM-SIZED RESIDENCE.
500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

KENT (in a bracing and extremely pretty part of the county).—To be SOLD, a compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, with an attractive creeper-clad HOUSE, well back from the road: 4 reception rooms, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and offices; stabling for 5; 2 lodges; well-timbered pleasure grounds, 27 acres of orchard and fruit plantation.—Box K 3,768, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

CLOSE TO TWO FIRST-CLASS GOLF LINKS.

HANTS.—Charmingly arranged BUNGALOW, on gravel soil, 1 mile of good main station: 5 bed, 2 reception, lounge hall, bath; stabling; 1 or 7 acres; tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, heather and pineland. Price, with 1 acre, £1,400. Also wooden Bungalow: 3 bed, 2 reception, bath, and kitchen, in grounds of 1 acre. Price, £500.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,031)

WOKING DISTRICT.—Well-furnished BUNGALOW, on gravel soil not overlooked: 4 bed, 2 sitting rooms, dining hall, garden; good society, golf, etc. 1½ to 2gns. weekly for 6 months or so.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,033)

SUSSEX DOWNS.—Beautiful Furnished RESIDENCE, surrounded by pretty grounds and well-timbered park: 14 bed, bath, 3 reception, billiard rooms; good stabling; capital shooting up to 3,000 acres. To LET, for year or shorter period.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,037)

ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF MODERN TIMES.

G. N. RY. (75 minutes of town).—Above MANOR HOUSE, standing on site of most ancient home: 13 bed and dressing, 2 baths, 5 reception stabling for 6; lovely grounds, 11 acres.—Strongly recommended by Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,080)

COST £8,000. SELL FOR £3,500.

WINTER RESIDENCE.—To be LET for the Winter or for 6 months, from November to April, the "Castillo del Principe," in Galicia, Spain. It is situated in the magnificent Bay of Corcubion, Cape Finisterre, between Vigo and Corunna, about 3 hours' run by motor from Corunna (50 miles), with good road. The Castle is on the east side of the bay, has been restored and converted into a comfortable Residence, splendidly decorated; possesses extensive grounds with pine and eucalyptus, and terrace overlooking the sea. The grounds are suitable for all sorts of games, and the paths are laid out in the woods within the grounds; heating apparatus.—For further particulars, address "HISPANOLA," c/o of DEACONS, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

850FT. ABOVE THE SEA.
The pick of the Surrey Hills.
FOR SALE, WITH 2 OR 6 ACRES.

SURREY (nr. Limpsfield).—Excellent train service to City and West End.
The views from the House are probably unequalled in Surrey or Sussex.
Hall, dining and drawing room, morning room, billiard room, conservatory, capital offices with servants' hall, 10 or more bedrooms. Stabling, etc.
Charming and inexpensive grounds.
PRICE 4,500 GUINEAS.
—Box HS 32, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
Amid magnificently wooded surroundings.
OVER 300ft. ABOVE THE SEA.
Gravel soil. Electric light. Motor-house.

BUCKS (close to a BEAUTIFUL COMMON, and handy for golf, boating, fishing, etc.)—For SALE, Freehold, for £2,975, picturesque RESIDENCE in Early English style, facing South. Tiled vestibule, lounge hall, oak-panelled and oak floor, drawing and dining rooms, library, complete offices, principal staircase with polished oak handrail, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Company's water. Pretty grounds nearly 1 acre, with tennis lawn, rose pergola, etc. Motor-house with separate entrance.—Box HS 33, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

CENTRE OF WHADDON CHASE.

VALE OF AYLESBURY.—Picturesque RESIDENCE in well-timbered grounds: 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; grassland, 7 acres or more; capital stabling and model farmery; well furnished for Winter or longer. Possibly unfurnished.—Box H 1,037, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT.

72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

SURVEYOR VALUER.

FOR WINTER MONTHS IN A SUNNY CLIME.

DEVON (near Torquay, standing on high ground in a sunny position, with beautiful land and seascape views).—To be LET, Furnished, the above commodious and quaint old HOUSE, containing: 3 large reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); modern drainage; main water supply; large and well-stocked garden.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (W 3,025)

LEICESTERSHIRE.

FOR SALE AT £1,750, Freehold, an old-fashioned timbered ceiling

FARMHOUSE,

within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with South-West aspect. The accommodation comprises:

3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices;

extensive range of outbuildings, including stabling accommodation for 4 horses; the grounds extend to

17 ACRES,

comprising lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and 2 meadows. Immediate possession.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,283)

TO GOLFERS. £105 PER ANNUM ONLY.

SUNNINGDALE GOLF LINKS only 1¼ miles distant.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, this attractive gabled RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road, with South aspect. Contains: hall with lavatory and cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 6 bed and dressing rooms, well-fitted bathroom, etc.

Stabling for 2 horses, with coach or motor-house, and man's room over.

Beautifully timbered grounds of about

2 ACRES,

including tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.; gravel soil; Company's water and gas laid on; hunting.

Rent, Unfurnished, £105 per annum on Lease.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,260)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL ARUNDEL DISTRICT.

TO BE LET, Furnished, or possibly Unfurnished, the above charming RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern comforts, and standing in grounds of

2 ACRES.

Contains: hall, with lavatory and cloakroom, dining room with French windows to lawn,

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM,

drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas and main water; stabling;

tennis and croquet lawns, pretty garden and meadow; sea and golf links near.

Rent, only 5 gns. weekly for Winter months.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 833)

WITH FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM.

30 MINUTES OF WATERLOO (within a few minutes' walk of a station).—To be SOLD, this picturesque RESIDENCE, situated in a secluded road in matured and beautifully disposed grounds. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 spacious reception rooms;

FULL-SIZED BILLIARD ROOM,

conservatory, 8 bedrooms, billiard room (h. and c.), photographic dark room, etc.

The grounds contain some fine old chestnut and holly trees, flower beds, with over 200 rose trees, croquet lawn, and 18 rustic rose-covered arches.

For price, which is moderate, and further particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,289)

SUNNY, BRACING, AND ENCHANTING.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—For SALE, the above substantially built and well-appointed RESIDENCE, beautifully seated on an eminence, overlooking an

EXPANSIVE BROAD, WITH ITS EVER VARYING INTERESTS.

The House, which was built for the owner's own occupation, and is therefore replete with every possible convenience, contains: lounge hall, with well staircase, 3 reception rooms,

BILLIARD ROOM,

15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, hot linen cupboard, and excellent cupboard accommodation generally; excellent domestic offices completely shut off;

ELECTRIC LIGHT INSTALLATION;

range of outbuildings, including stabling, excellent lodge, and boathouse; the grounds extend to

20 ACRES,

and are of a very attractive nature. Personally inspected and strongly recommended.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,286)

ONLY £1,800, FREEHOLD !!!

DORSETSHIRE (standing on an eminence in a pretty and well-wooded country, within 10 minutes of an ancient village).—For SALE, with immediate possession, the above well-appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE. Contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.

Stabling for 2 horses, coach-house, and numerous outhouses;

the grounds include tennis or croquet lawn, well-stocked kitchen garden, vinery, etc., and extend in all to

2 ACRES

More land can be had if required. Hunting with Lord Portman's and the Wilton.

PRICE, £1,800 ONLY. £1,000 of which can remain on mortgage at 4 per cent.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,261)

£120 PER ANNUM ON LEASE, OR £1,800 FREEHOLD.

NORTH WALES (in a picturesque part on the banks of the river Alyn, and within 1 hour of Liverpool).—To be LET or SOLD, the above handsome GOTHIC RESIDENCE, commanding splendid views of mountain scenery: lounge hall, library, study, dining room, drawing room, usual domestic offices, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, and 2 well-built cottages; numerous outbuildings, including

STABLING;

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Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,248)

2,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

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TO BE LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in 14 acres of grounds, and containing: 3 reception rooms, billiard room,

10 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall;

excellent water and drainage;

stabling for 8 horses; usual outhouses and cottage; shooting over 2,000 acres, with 100 acres of covert.

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700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL, with delightful views across an extensive common to the South Downs.—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE, with due South aspect, and standing in secluded and well-cared-for grounds of about

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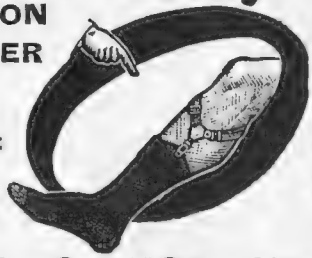

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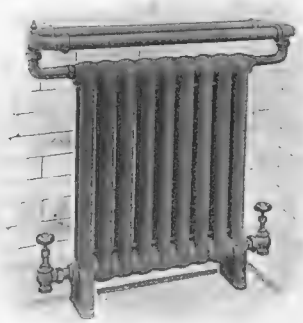
The width of the Radiator proper is 4¾in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8¾in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel Plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.



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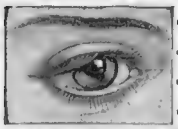

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THE ROYAL WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX with THREE DIPLOMAS OF HONOUR, Franco-British Exhibition.

Fully Illustrated Price Lists free on Application.

silk, all in tone. The skirt, just slightly full, is built high to meet a graceful folded *fichu* corsage opening on a chemisette of white tulle, finished with a tucker. Mounted throughout on satin, the price is only eight and a half guineas for as *recherché* a confection as anyone could desire to find.

Without attempting actually to rival, it yet stands in as relatively strong a position as several beautiful, but costly, toilettes, purchased at the close of the Franco-British Exhibition. One of these, however, that courts description is a Princesse, very sheath-like, of black satin, worked heavily about the hem with gold and a little silver, a mere incident of a corsage, without a vestige of sleeve, being entirely fashioned of this beautiful stitchery. While *côté à côté* there stood a veritable Watteau of old-world striped blue taffeta, powdered with rosebuds, the fronts opening on a petticoat of coarse ivory net, enhanced by touches of pale pink satin ribbon, the regulation full-flowing box-pleat and close-fitting elbow sleeves recalling vividly the beauties of the little Trianon.

For their Directoire corset the Company obtained the Grand Prix at the recent Exhibition. It is an exceptionally clever cut, and works positive miracles with over-abundant hips. The Tricot material used in its construction moulds the figure like a glove, and, albeit it is of extravagant length, as at present necessitated, it is perfectly comfortable, and allows unrestricted movement of the limbs. But of a truth, what this Company do not know about the corset in its every aspect is not worth discussing.

Mantles à la Mode at Shoolbred's

As it is wholly impossible to attempt, in the limited space at command, a catalogue of the contents of this department, we must rest satisfied with a detailed description of the model commandeered by our artist.

A Striking Mantle in Ottoman Silk
(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

Essentially a married woman's wrap, this is expressed in ottoman silk, the figure defined at the back by a deftly adjusted pleat. In front we find the inevitable Directoire revers, additions that either impart shapeliness to the thin figure or delete from one that is of undue proportions. These revers and cuffs are of satin, trimmed with fancy braid, also the buttons, a particularly charming touch being imparted by the white *plissé* frill that occurs at the wrist and top of collar.

It is impossible to over-estimate the talent evinced, among many others, at Shoolbred's of providing the matron and the older married woman generally with *manteaux* of sympathetic character. In these days of age-levelling it is something to know that at Messrs. Shoolbred's a sense of proportion is being cleverly maintained.

THE MENU

SOME DAINTY LUNCHEON RECIPES

Caviar Eggs

Boil some eggs hard, cut them in halves, slice a small piece from either end so that they stand, take out the yolks, put them in a mortar with a small piece of butter and some caviar (for four eggs a tablespoonful of caviar), mix them all well together, adding a dust of cayenne and a few drops of lemon-juice; fill the eggs with this, piling the mixture high in them, and dish them up on small round sippets of fried bread.

Whitebait

Wash the fish carefully, fingering as little as possible. Shake them in a well-floured cloth. Have ready a stew-pan of boiling fat—the fat must be hotter for whitebait than any other fish. Put a few into the frying-basket, and fry a few at a time; put them to drain on paper in front of the fire. Slices of lemon and thin brown bread and butter are served with whitebait. Time to cool, two or three minutes. Never cease shaking the frying basket when the whitebait is cooking. N.B.—At one time this favourite fish was only to be had in the summer months, but now it is procurable from November 1.

Jugged Hare

Cut up the hare into joints, not too large, dredge with flour, and fry in a ½lb. of butter. Put it into an earthenware jar, add a pint and a half of good stock, thickened with a little flour and coloured with some Parisian essence. Add an onion stuck with cloves, a strip of lemon-peel, a bunch of herbs, and a good seasoning of salt, pepper, and cayenne. Cover the mouth of the jar with a flour and water paste, put it in a saucepan of boiling water just up to the neck. Boil slowly for four hours. When nearly done, add half a pint of port wine or claret. Garnish with forcemeat balls, and serve red-currant jelly with it.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce

Boil ½lb. of macaroni with a piece of butter the size of an egg, an onion, two cloves, and some salt, and when done drain the macaroni and put it in a saucepan with 5oz. of Parmesan or grated Cheddar cheese, some black pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of cream; toss over the fire until the cheese becomes thick and stringy. Dish up in a pyramid, and cover with thick tomato sauce.

EMILIA.

Auld Acquaintance

We grow so accustomed to the sight of the articles set on our own mantelpiece or in our cupboards that we flatter ourselves we know all the good of them and all the bad of them, but in nine cases out of ten we are mistaken.

Take, for example, our knowledge of the homeliest of everyday eatables, such as suet, flour, and currants. Set these three materials before a housekeeper, tell her to make a sweet dish out of them, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she will think of nothing in the world but a plain boiled currant dumpling that could be made from such ingredients. That is because ninety-nine housewives out of a hundred do not even yet know all the possibilities of currants, those little dried grapes from Greece, which are so staunch and necessary a friend to her at this season of the year.

Your grocer is well supplied with the New Currant Cookery Book, and will gladly give you a free copy if you ask him.

GOOD NEWS FOR ALL SKIN SUFFERERS

Every Skin Affection is Completely Cured by "Antexema"

THE discomfort, torture, disfigurement, and humiliation due to skin illness are cured by "Antexema." That's the first point to remember. The next is that "Antexema" is a doctor's remedy with nearly a quarter of a century's reputation behind it, and a wonderful record of thousands of miraculous cures. If you are a skin sufferer you will be grateful the whole of your life for being introduced to "Antexema," as its use will completely cure your skin illness, and give you a clear, healthy, spotless, and beautiful skin.

Perhaps you will pardon the inquiry whether you are suffering from eczema, either acute, chronic, scaly, dry, or moist? Have you psoriasis or prickly heat? Have you pimples or blackheads upon your face, or is there a red, inflamed spot on your hand or arm? Is your skin red, rough, chafed, or irritated, or have you any skin trouble whatever, either in its early or advanced stage? Whatever your skin complaint there's no need to be miserable an hour longer, for "Antexema" is an absolute cure for every form of skin ailment.

"Antexema" never fails to give immediate relief, even if the sufferer is so irritated day and night as to be unable to sit, lie, or stand with comfort. But that is not all. Not only is relief gained, but the moment you begin using "Antexema" the progress of your skin complaint stops, and you start on the road to a complete and permanent cure. "Antexema" is the outcome of the progress of modern science, and is prescribed by many doctors for all skin troubles, itching, irritation, surface inflammation, or slow-healing sores. "Antexema" is the greatest certainty in the world for the treatment of itchings that won't cease, skin inflammations that won't disappear, and sores that won't heal under the ordinary remedies so often tried. When "Antexema" is applied it puts pain, irritation, and discomfort to sleep, and soon effects a cure. It is a wonderful skin specific.

"Antexema" is not a Greasy Ointment

but a milky-looking liquid. You apply "Antexema" gently to the affected part, which immediately feels cool and easy, and all irritation at once stops. The bad places absorb the curative virtues of "Antexema," and the healing qualities at once become active, so that you have taken the first step towards a cure by preventing your skin ailment getting worse. At the same time an invisible artificial skin is formed which protects the sensitive and tender spot from dirt, dust, germs, and all that can hinder the healing process that is going on. That is the philosophy of "Antexema."

Look at your mirror when you are dressing or having a bath, and note if you have any symptoms of skin illness. If so, use "Antexema" immediately, and nip the trouble in the bud. Neglect the signs of skin illness and the trouble will get steadily worse, and finally become chronic. All the misery, discomfort, disfigurement, and humiliation will, in that case, be the direct result of neglect of the first symptoms, whereas, by the timely use of "Antexema," all could have been avoided.

Everyone who is interested in the skin and its health and beauty should obtain the famous handbook on "Skin Troubles," a copy of which is enclosed with every bottle of "Antexema." Amongst the skin ailments referred to in the booklet are Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Barbers' Rash, Blackheads, Blotches, Burns and Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains; Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skin; Skin Troubles of the Ears, Eyes, Feet, Hands, and Scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Facial Blemishes, Gouty Eczema, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettlerash, Pimples, Prickly Heat, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Shingles, and Ulcers.

For all these skin complaints the "Antexema" treatment is the one completely successful treatment. Commence it to-day and gain immediate relief.

"Antexema" will Certainly Cure You

Having heard the facts about "Antexema," there is no room for doubt as to its healing, soothing, and curing qualities. It cures every skin ailment in every part of the body in old and young, however long it may have continued, and "Antexema" succeeds where every other so-called remedy has failed, and doctors and skin specialists have all been unable to do any good.

"Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*; or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, at 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, from the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" can be obtained of Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, India, and all British Dominions.

"Antexema" should find a place in every home and nursery and on every dressing table. The prompt use of "Antexema" prevents Skin Illness

The Garden

By H. C. DAVIDSON

The Lawn and Its Beds

Beds on the lawn look very different from what they did a month or two ago, but if they have been covered with low-growing plants they will at least be green. If not, a thin layer of cocoa-nut fibre will protect the bulbs underneath from any extreme degree of frost. The grass around should be rolled frequently. During a mild winter it often continues to grow, and when that happens it is better to cut it on a sunny morning, after any excess of moisture has been dissipated by wind, than to leave it rough. If there are a sufficient number of worm-casts to make the lawn look untidy, they can easily be dispersed with a birch-broom. It is a mistake to attempt to get rid of the worms. It can be done, of course, by means of a solution of quicklime, which soon brings them to the surface, but their usefulness far exceeds any harm they do. They aerate, drain, and top-dress the lawn—often the only top-dressing it ever gets—and they are always found in the greatest numbers in wet and heavy land, that is, where their services are most wanted. In pots and in beds of seedlings they certainly are a nuisance, but in grass there is every reason for leaving them undisturbed. Alterations may be carried out at any time except during frost. If any beds are to be filled up the top-spit should be wheeled away and rather poor soil substituted for it. Unless this is done, the new turf will grow more luxuriantly than the rest round about it, and for years afterwards will form a patch of deeper green.

The Herbaceous Border

A general turning out of the border is a laborious task, requiring great care to avoid damage and also confusion in arrangement, and for that reason it is rarely done. But plants cannot be expected to thrive year after year in the same soil without some attention, and an annual top-dressing should not be omi d. It may be objected that Nature does not top-dress, except in a minor degree with dead leaves and so forth. That is true. She manages her affairs differently. She kills off those that served her purpose, and substitutes for them those better able to do so in the future. But that is just what we want to avoid in the garden.

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Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
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,, Peaches, Nectarines, and Apricots, 5/- each.
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Contains NO ACID, POISON or GRIT.

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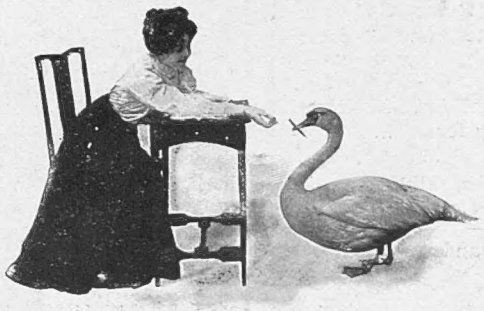
The Editor's Box

"Swans" for Chrismas Presents

Of course, there could be no better present than a "Swan." It will always be at hand when wanted, it will obey your slightest motion, and will never fail you in an emergency. It will earn you your living, it will save you much of the wear and tear of life, and it will write your letters for you. Ah, now the cat's out of the bag, and you will realise I am not talking of the bird, but of the world-famous Swan Fountain Pens. I paid a visit to 79 and 80, High Holborn, the other day, where the Christmas rush is beginning, and pens are being sent to every part of the world by opportune donors. The varieties to be seen there amazed me, but whether the casing be of neat black vulcanite at half a guinea or a gorgeous solid gold and diamond-mounted instrument at £50, the quality of the pen itself is the same—and that is the best. Simplicity is the keynote. New-fangled mechanical devices are hardly touched upon, and still the Swan sails proudly in the forefront of the fountain pen world. Some patterns that particularly pleased my fancy were the plain silver Swan at 32*s.* and the solid gold at £8 10*s.*, and a very neat pen with a gold-topped cap at 19*s.* 6*d.*, all excellent presents for gentlemen; while for the fair sex the designs seem unending. Somewhat ornate, but eminently covetable, are patterns to hang on a chatelaine at prices ranging from £2 2*s.* in silver to £12 in gold, but some of the most chaste in design are of a beautiful filigree pattern. The choice, however, is almost endless, and prospective purchasers should apply for the excellent descriptive catalogue, and also a list of posting dates for places abroad. Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Bard guarantee to suit any hand.

Books for Baby

Dean's Rag Books and Rag Toys are this year better than ever—if possible. They need no introduction in most families where there are little ones, but just for the benefit of those who may not as yet happen to be acquainted with them, it should be said that these are as far removed from the old linen-lined paper—or so-called "untearable"—books of twenty years ago as silk from sackcloth. These books, of which there are an infinite variety of shape, size, and price, the latter ranging from 6*d.* to 6*s.*, are printed on strong, thick calico, and, wonderful to relate, the books can be washed!—an important desideratum where nursery use is concerned. They are just ideal for tiny tots, as well as for growing youngsters, some of the best being



The Advent of the Swan

"The Animals' School Treat," illustrated by the inimitable Cecil Aldin (6*s.*), "Ding Dong Dell," with Hassall illustrations (3*s.* 6*d.*), and "What's That?" (1*s.*). The Rag Knockabout Toys, which can be cut out of calico and stuffed, are also most excellent, while for those children who like "dressing up"—and what youngsters do not?—Dean's "Pinafore" Costumes printed in fast colours as various naval and military uniforms, are one of the most delightful ideas I have seen for many a long day. They only cost 1*s.* 6*d.* each, and will afford infinite delight.

Franco-British Award

We hear from Booth's Distillery, Ltd., that they have been awarded the Grand Prix at the Franco-British Exhibition for their famous Old Dry Gin. Booth's Distillery, Ltd., claim for their Old Dry Gin that it is the only matured London gin in wood, which gives it its exceptional flavour.

A Royal Appointment

Messrs. Gamage informs us that they have been honoured with the Royal Warrant of Appointment to his Majesty the King of Spain.

Christmas on the Rivera

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announces that a special train, composed of first and second-class lavatory carriages, will leave Calais for Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Monte Carlo on Wednesday, December 23, in connection with the express service from Holborn Viaduct Station at 11 a.m., by the short sea route *via* Dover and Calais. The reduced return fare from London to any of the above-named Riviera stations will be £9 12*s.* first and £6 12*s.* second-class, and passengers will be able to return on any day, either *via* Calais or Boulogne, up to January 30. The tickets will also be available at Hyères, Grasse, and other Riviera resorts.

The sea passage from Dover to Calais will be performed by one of the Company's turbine steamers in about 55min.

Lectures on French History

A distinguished company was present at the Ritz Hotel at the first two lectures on French History by Mme. de Perrot, B. ès L., on "Héloïse et Abélard," and "George Sand et Alfred de Musset," on November 12 and 19. The subjects to be taken on forthcoming Thursdays are "Mademoiselle de Lespinasse et d'Alembert" on November 26, "Madame de Staël et Benjamin Constant" on December 3, "Ma Sœur Henriette et Ernest Renan" on December 10, and "Madame de Récamier et Chateaubriand" on December 17.

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